Saturday Night

DEC. 24TH 1955 TEN CENTS

Detail from "Rest on the Flight into Egypt" by Bernard van Orley.

The Front Page

DEAR VIRGINIA:

Each year at this time you are told, with numbing repetition, that there really is a Santa Claus. Well, maybe it's not such a bad thing to believe in—much better, probably, than believing that Christmas was dreamed up by some ancient Chamber of Commerce as a gimmick to send people into a frenzy of year-end buying, and much, much better than not believing in anything at all. As a species, human beings are still pretty young, and if they have nothing to believe in, no sense of being a very special part of creation, they become problem-children, biting their fingernails and even each other.

But just being a believer, Virginia, is only a beginning. The really troublesome part of growing up is the selection of beliefs. You're a big girl now, and presumably you have already made your choice. Perhaps you have taken the easy way, simply modifying the legends of your infancy so that Santa Claus is still the figure who dominates your Christmas, and the Almighty Himself, when you think of Him at all, is a stout old gentleman with a white beard, attended by angels instead of reindeer. Or perhaps you have opened your mind enough to let in some light, in which case you may have some troubling moments of thought at Christmas, if you have any time left from the seasonal duty of stuffing your stocking and your stomach.

Let's say that one of the things you

Press, Public and Paper
by Stuart Keate: Page 7

Yes!
we changed to
"Cinci"
Their taste is modern ... their choice is "Cinci", the *lighter* lager. Brading's "Cinci" is *your* kind of lager. Try "Cinci" today ... and *see!*
BRADING'S
Cincinnati Cream
LAGER
Change to "Cinci"... the lighter lager!
55M-24

believe in is the observance of Christmas as a religious event.

You go to your place of worship, you draw new strength and serenity from the service and then you go home, inspired by messages of goodwill and good tidings, joyful and triumphant. But if you have not, on this occasion, renewed your faith in the purpose of the Nativity, your Christmas inspiration is going to be pretty badly eroded by the rough tides of the New Year. As you very well know, Virginia, there's a good deal of hatred and suffering still around, and a remarkable number of men of illwill who would like nothing better than to rob us all of our conscience and intelligence. If you only go through the ritual of Christmas, you are in for a rough time, because you will always walk with fear. But if you have restored your spirit with the profound meaning of what happened so many years ago in a distant stable, you will go through the months ahead with courage and a merciful understanding, not afraid to look at evil and challenge it and not afraid, either, of the discovery of good in others and bad in yourself.

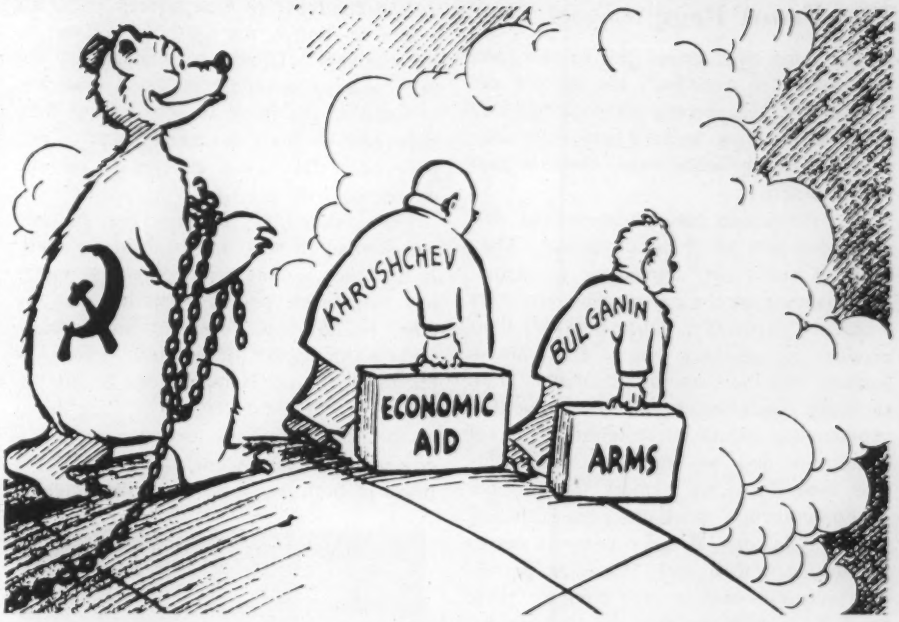
The Little Mouse

WHEN Archbishop Boris of the Russian Orthodox Church appeared at a Toronto reception, under the sponsorship of three hundred United Church ministers, James Endicott, Canadian winner of the Stalin Peace Prize, turned up to greet the visitor and, conceivably, to embarrass the reception committee. Having paid his respects to the visiting prelates, Mr. Endicott hurried off to Helsinki and a meeting of the World Council of Peace. The Council, he declared, was not satisfied with the recent foreign ministers' conference and will plan some new moves. It is fairly safe to assume that any new move towards peace adopted by the World Peace Council will follow the procedure taken by the elephant with the orphaned mouse. "There, little mouse, I'll be a mother to you," said the elephant, and sat down on it.

Russian Promises

SCATTERING promises as freely as moulting hens drop feathers, the Russian leaders Khrushchev and Bulganin indicated pretty clearly during their grand tour of Asia that the Soviet intends to challenge the United States as a dispenser of help to underdeveloped nations. The Soviet program so far has been long on oratory and short on action, but the West should not bet on Russian failure to fulfil at least the more important promises.

Many Westerners believe that the Russians are bluffing. They argue that even if the promises are all carried out, the



The Bear is not always so obvious as in this cartoon by Justus.

Soviet program will still look insignificant beside that of the United States, without the contributions of other Western nations; U.S. non-military aid to the Middle East, Far East, South Asia and Africa amounted to $582 million in 1953, $1,447 million in 1954, $1,576 million in 1955, and $1,603 million has been appropriated for 1956. Moreover, they say, the Soviet Union cannot properly look after its own needs; its gross national product amounts to only $135 billion, that of the United States to $385 billion; it does not come close to U.S. output of such industrially vital products as steel (45 million metric tons to 102 million), oil (70 million metric tons to 325) and electricity (166 billion kilowatt hours to 530 billion).

Two factors, however, are being forgotten. The first is that the Communist leaders, with no democratic checks on their powers, can handle their resources as they see fit; and their resources are not negligible—industrial production is rapidly increasing and the Soviet Union has outstripped the United States in the development of the engineers and technicians who are often of more use to a poor country than gifts of money and machinery. The second factor is the state of mind of the people who are getting the help. If the gifts are accepted with fear and suspicion, the donor is more likely to be damned for base motives than praised for generosity. And there is no doubt that many, many Asians, with bitter memories of Western imperialism, suspect the Americans of trying to dominate them with dollars; at the same time, they are tremendously impressed by the way the Russians, also a downtrodden people in an underdeveloped country, have managed to become one of the world's two most powerful nations.

The West, then, cannot be complacent about the Russian promises. If the Communists can buy more goodwill with $10 million than we can with $10 billion, we will fail no matter how generous we are.

Wheat Prices

ONE of the most worrisome things about Canada's wheat situation is that, while the great surplus of grain clogs elevators, barns, old warehouses and even lean-tos, the Federal Government seems incapable of admitting that there is no longer a seller's market for wheat and no likelihood of there being one unless other nations suffer some catastrophe. The period of "hard sell" was no sudden development. At least two years ago it could be seen that over-supply was going to be a chronic rather than a temporary condition. Yet the Canadian Government still believes, apparently, that its salesmen can persuade other countries to pay top prices not only for premium wheat, admittedly the world's best, but for inferior grades as well. Indeed, it is hopeful enough to let last year's poor wheat take up elevator space that is badly needed for the high grades of this year's harvest.

In a recent speech in Calgary, Trade Minister Howe scoffed at suggestions that Canadian prices be adjusted to market demand. "If Canada and the U.S., the two largest holders of stocks, can follow sensible policies, I think the world can safely come through the period of temporary over-supply," he said. It was quite a remarkable statement, considering that the United States has a deliberate policy of getting rid of its surplus any way it can, and that there is not a shred of evidence to indicate that the period of oversupply is temporary. Low prices did not sell more wheat in the '30s, Mr. Howe said — "in fact sales fell off 50 per cent

The Front Page continued

at the same time prices fell to the lowest levels ever recorded". He did not say that in the '30s people were not buying much of anything because they were deep in a depression, while today there is general prosperity.

Mr. Howe and his colleagues had better come out of their daydream. They have to solve two immediate problems: the financing of the people who grow the wheat and are not permitted to sell their product to anybody but a Government agency, and the disposal of enough grain to make room for another crop. Neither problem can be solved by ignoring market conditions and by miserable expedients like bank loans to farmers (at five per cent interest, for work they have already done). And then, if the country is not to be burdened with such things as permanent subsidies and acreage controls, there must be a more realistic relationship between supply and demand.

State of Alert

THE BRITISH, who have developed as high a tolerance of officialdom as any people in this over-administered age, have not forgotten how to use jests and japes to rough up their bureaucrats. The other day, for example, a number of retired military types (all fairly senior officers) received mimeographed notices that they had been selected as air raid wardens for their districts. They were requested to report at civil defence headquarters with the following equipment: one respirator, one axe, one stirrup pump, one extension ladder, one household shovel, one rake, one scoop, one belt with ten hooks (for carrying six sandbags and four pails of water), two wet blankets, one flashlight, one tin helmet (with brim turned up for extra water), one box of matches, extra sand in all available pockets, one broom, one ship's anchor to be used as a brake when galloping into action. At least one recipient of the notice protested furiously that he could not handle the necessary equipment without some sort of vehicle. It took some time to convince him that it was all the work of some inspired wag, and when he withdrew he was still blazing like an incendiary bomb. The moral, for planners retired and active, seems to be: *always* keep a ship's anchor ready.

A Needed Inquiry

THE OUTCRY of some Socialists following appointment of the Fowler Commission to study broadcasting policies in Canada was not only a childish show of bad manners but a characteristic display of prejudice. They decided that because two of the three members of the Commission, Robert M. Fowler and James Stewart, have been active in the affairs of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, it was all a plot to destroy the CBC, a "sell-out to big business". Thus they managed at the one time to pre-judge without evidence, to question the integrity of the three men appointed by the Government, and to impute only the basest motives to anyone connected with the CCC.

Fortunately, the country has become accustomed to such snarls from the Left. It has been a long time, of course, since any responsible person suggested that the CBC be liquidated. But for many years, and particularly since the arrival of television, it has been obvious to all but the most fanatic believers in state monopoly that a realistic examination by a competent, independent body should be made of both the powers and the financial

R. M. Fowler, Commission chairman.

structure of the CBC. The Fowler Commission should be able to make such an examination. Mr. Fowler, the chairman, is a lawyer, businessman, worked with the Rowell-Sirois Commission, and has made a special study of international affairs. Mr. Stewart is a conservative banker with a liberal mind. Edmond Turcotte was a well-informed and respected journalist before becoming a diplomat.

One cannot envy Mr. Fowler and his colleagues their job. The Commission's terms of reference are broad. It is required to "examine and make recommendations upon" not only the financial requirements and policies of the CBC and "the licensing and control of private television and sound broadcasting stations", but "measures necessary to provide an adequate proportion of Canadian programs for both public and private television broadcasting" and "such other related matters as the commissioners might consider should be included in reporting properly upon those specified". What is "an adequate proportion" of Canadian programs? That question alone could keep the Commission busy for weeks. Stripped of the side issues, however, the task of the Commission is to draw up the conditions under which public and private broadcasting should live together and to suggest how the CBC is to be financed under those conditions.

The CBC recently reported a "profit" of $4,267,668 for its 1954-55 operations. Actually, it spent $29,103,587 and collected only $6,263,190 from commercial broadcasting. The remainder of its $35,735,788 income came from grants, licence fees and interest on investments. In 1955-56 it expects to spend upwards of $42 million and the following year about $50 million. Is the spending to go up and up each year while the CBC continues to throttle private competition? The Commission must find the answer.

Meaning of Millions

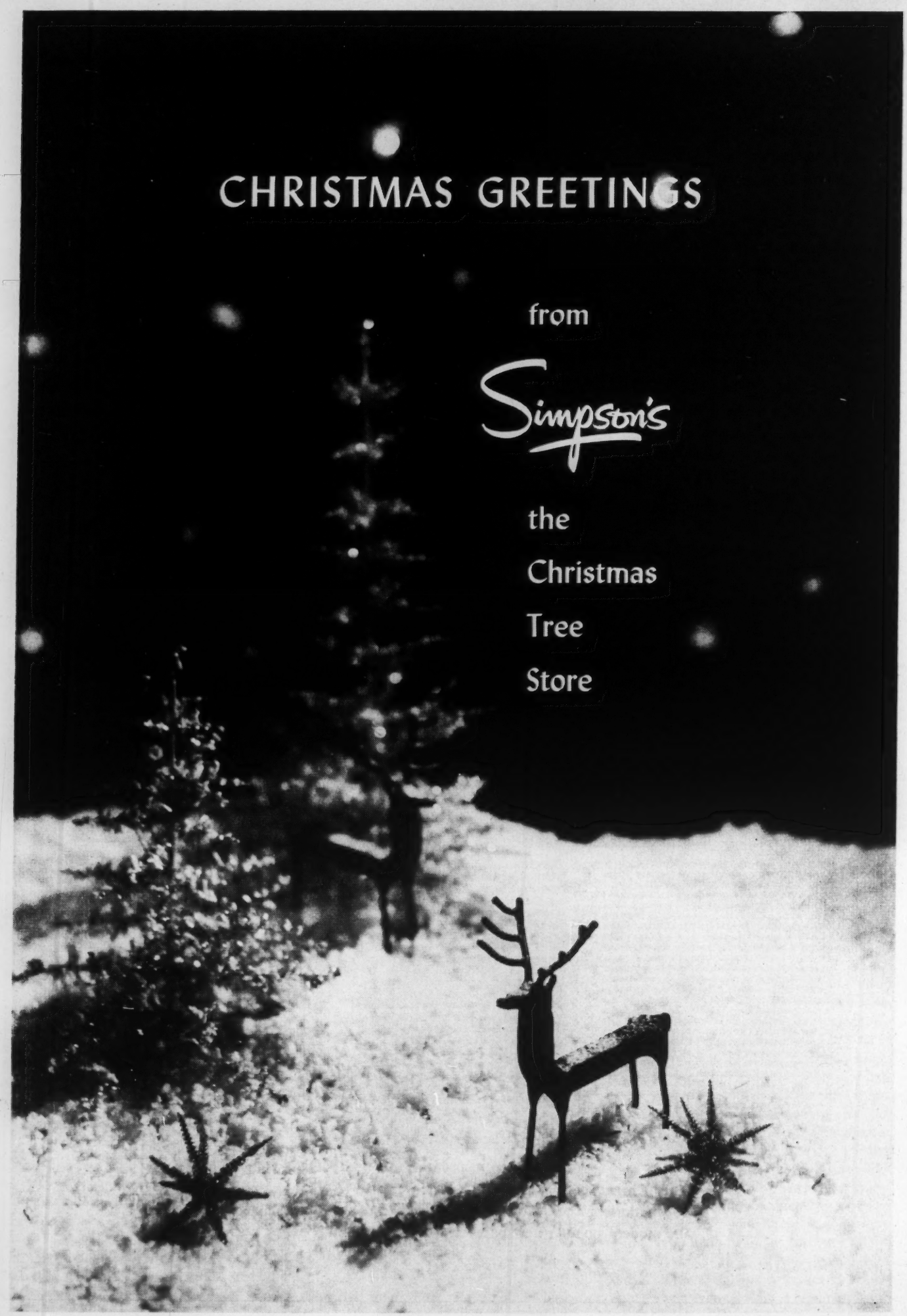
THERE has been considerable discussion in Russian and other newspapers over Nikita Khrushchev's statement about the latest Soviet hydrogen bomb. Did Mr. Khrushchev say the bomb was more powerful than a million tons of TNT, or did he say millions of tons? Nobody is certain, Mr. Khrushchev isn't saying, and it is doubtful if anyone really cares. For the ordinary mortal it is pretty much a Hobson's choice if he is atomized by the equivalent of a million or by ten million tons of TNT. The only people qualified to estimate in terms of millions are the men who have handled millions all their lives. For instance, there was W. K. Vanderbilt ($200 million), who on his deathbed reached the sorrowful conclusion, "I have had no more real enjoyment of any sort than my neighbor in the next block, who is worth only half a million".

Boors in the Audience

IT IS probably superfluous to wish The Canadian Players a successful tour of western Canada: any company which played *Saint Joan* with the vitality and imagination of their production would have an assured success anywhere. No. What we wish The Canadian Players—and, indeed, all players in all theatres anywhere in Canada—is an audience courteous to the point of punctuality. First-night audiences (who go for the show, not the play, as a rule) are notorious late-comers, but the mid-week patrons at *Saint Joan* in Toronto's Crest Theatre were just as bad. Some extenuation can often be found for late-comers, but nothing charitable can be said in defence of those loiterers who linger in the lobby at the intermissions long past the warning signal. As they always have seats centre front, their return is as conspicuous as their manners are execrable.

CHRISTVS NATVS EST;
CHRIST is Borne.
Angels clap Hands; Let men forbeare to Mourne:
Their saving-Health is come; For CHRIST is Borne.
The History of Christ his Life and Death.
Here's a Wonder
Downe, his Life at stake did lay.
known,
A King, a Mayde makes his Throne.
And for Debts which Men should Pay,
The Explanation of this Picture.
A Religious Man inventing the Conceits both for the Pictures and Beasts drawne in this picture of our Saui-
viz.
The Cocke crowneth,
Christus Natus est.
Christ is borne.
The Raven asked,
Quando?
When?
The Crow replyed,
Hac Nocte.
This Night.
The Oxe cryed out,
Vbi? Vbi?
Where? Where?
The Sheepe bleated out,
Bethlem.
Bethlem.
A voyce from Heaven sounded,
Gloria in Excelsis.
Glory be on high.
Whilst Armies of Angels sung,
Hallelujah.
Salvation, and Glory, and Honour, and power be to the Lord our God. Apoc. 19. c.
O See! Mans Saviour is in Bethlem borne,
His lodging base, he himselfe held in scorne,
The Cribbe at which the Oxe and Asse were feddie,
Mary (Christs Mother) makes her young Sonnes bed;
Yet see how Shepherds fall downe flat before him,
And how the Wise-men doe with guifts adore him,
Harke, what a heavenly Quyre of Angells sing
Sweet Carrols, at the birth of this new King;
O happy man! when thus, (thy Soule to save,)
Christ comes from Heaven, and makes himselfe a Slave.
Set see that Pillar, where being naked bound,
Thy Christ had his flesh tore with many a wound.
When a Cocke crowes, let it this griefe afford,
To thanke how Peter (thrice) denyed his Lord;
See Judas Lucthorne, and see Judas Pence,
See Princes, Nailes, and Hammers, how they sweare,
To naile to th' Crosse, Christs blessed Hands and Feet:
O Wretched Man! where Christ for thee thus dyed,
Let him not still by thee be Crucified.
An Epitaph upon Christ, who was Buried in a new Tombe, cut out of a Rocke, in which no Man but he was ever inclosed.
Within this Rocke the Rocke himselfe is Layd,
Who both the Tombe, and the Tomb-maker made,
A Man he was, was no such man beside,
None liv'd so vile, none so cruelly dyed:
He was in debt for nothing, yet did pay
The debts of all the World at a set day.
Never of Woman could so much be said,
When he was borne his Mother was a Mayd.
He many wonders wrought, and was a chiefe,
A very bad Man, made he a Good Theefe.
It happened well, he so by Jewes was Crost'd,
For all the Sinnes th'World had els been lost.
Thirty three yeares he liv'd: Had not he been,
No Christian upon Earth had ever seene.
He dyed a King, yet was a Beggar borne,
And wore (which no King doe) a Crowne of Thorne.
First went he to his Grave, from thence, to Hell,
Then up to Heaven: And there this King doth dwell.
FINIS.
London, Printed for IOHN STAFFORD, 1631.

This Christmas broadsheet, published in 1631, shows a popular conception of the Nativity. Broadsheets were the forerunners of the modern popular newspaper and sold for about a penny a sheet.



SIMPSON'S STORES ARE LOCATED IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, LONDON, HALIFAX AND REGINA

IAPA President J. G. Stahlman of the Nashville Banner *and former president Paulo Bittencourt (right), of Brazil.*

Press, Politics and Paper

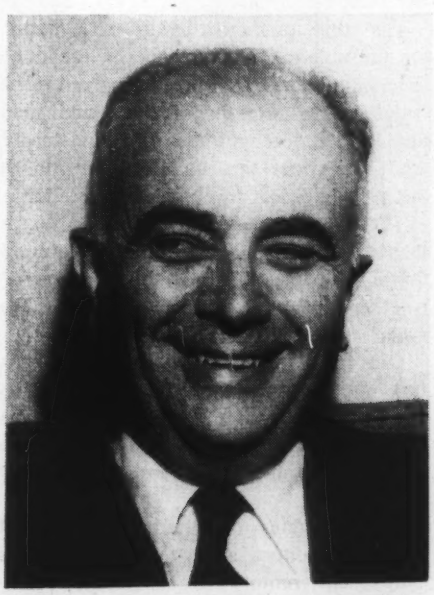
by Stuart Keate

THE INTER-AMERICAN Press Association, which met recently in New Orleans, is a non-profit organization of 414 Western Hemisphere editors and publishers (of whom 15 are Canadian), whose main task is to fight for press freedoms in those countries where it is challenged and "to promote and maintain the dignity, rights and responsibilities of the profession of journalism".

Its 27-year history has not always been placid. A little more than half its members are from Latin America, where editors feel almost as passionately about political matters as do politicians; a few years ago, in Mexico City, North American editors were delighted to find a Central American colleague swatting a rival debater with a rolled-up copy of the IAPA's Freedom of the Press report. At the time, it seemed precisely the right weapon.

Today the IAPA is a well-knit and influential organization, with a permanent office in New York and expanding membership abroad. Between 1927 and 1949, however, meetings were sporadic and progress fitful. In some quarters members were branded "interfering meddlers", not cognizant of the special problems inherent in the South American way.

The turning-point in its history, many members feel today, was the 1950 meeting in New York, when a constitution and bylaws proposed the previous year at Quito were adopted and a "name" executive head secured in Andrew Heiskell, the engaging and handsome young publisher of *Life* magazine. In the charter was a clause reading: "Political regimes that do not respect or cause to be respected fully freedom of the press are not democratic".



Dr. A. G. Paz: La Prensa *restored.*

The following year, at Montevideo, Argentinian dictator Juan Peron attempted to infiltrate the growing organization. A credentials committee, checking a large number of new applicants from Peron's country, quickly discovered that most of them were not bona-fide newsmen. The insurgent junta was repulsed; shortly thereafter the official language of IAPA's charter was beefed up to declare that "anyone supporting a totalitarian philosophy" was not eligible for membership.

Spurred on by its success in freeing imprisoned editors and having censorship bans lifted, the IAPA has flourished. Its membership today includes newspapers as disparate as the *New York Times* and the *Medicine Hat News*.

The noble ideals of IAPA's charter may be simply translated into a syllogism something like this:

It is good for journalists of foreign countries to know each other, professionally and socially; honest journalists everywhere believe that their work is rooted in freedom; therefore, by banding together in one Association, and speaking with a united voice, the influence of whole governments may be brought to bear against the few who would abuse press freedom.

The IAPA has already achieved some dramatic successes. Most North American members felt that their participation in it was amply rewarded at San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1954 when they heard Senor Demetrio Canelas, whose *Los Tiempos* of Cochabamba, Bolivia, had been destroyed by a mob and who had been imprisoned for 18 months, say: "I owe my freedom and my life to the Inter-American Press Association".

His release was secured by the vigorous protests and representations of the IAPA, speaking directly and through the embassies of the United States and Mexico. The release from jail of Senor Jorge Mantilla Ortega, publisher of *El Comercio* of Quito, Ecuador, was secured in much the same way.

Nevertheless, it was apparent at last November's meetings in New Orleans that the Association must face many a stern trial before its dream of a completely free Western Hemisphere press is realized.

Colombia, the only Latin American nation which sent troops to Korea, has closed down *El Tiempo* of Bogota in what the *New York Times* describes as "an arbitrary and inexcusable manner". Repeated pleas to President Rojas Pinilla to have the ban lifted have been rebuffed. (He closed the paper when it refused to apologize for an "offensive" article by publishing his version of the incident on page 1, for 30 consecutive days.)

In Bolivia, two prominent papers have been suppressed and a third strangled. In Nicaragua, President Anastasio Somoza

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jailed the editor of a Managua paper and deported a critical columnist and cartoonist.

In Paraguay, there is no opposition press published. In Peru, the independent newspaper *El Callao* has been shut for seven years and the publisher, Oscar F. Arrus, has been unable to secure restitution. In Venezuela (with which Canada did $211 million in trade last year), censorship has prevailed since November 21, 1948.

The classic case, of course, continues to be that of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, one of the best-written and best-edited newspapers in the world, which was confiscated by Peron. This month Argentina's new government restored *La Prensa* to its owners, the Paz family, and when Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz returned to become its editor, after an exile of nearly five years, a crowd of more than 40,000 gathered in Buenos Aires to welcome him home.

To the detached Canadian observer, the conflict between the editors-in-exile and the "get-along" boys — the editors who have arrived at a *modus vivendi* with the dictators—at New Orleans made for fascinating, and at times even amusing, listening.

One swarthy Central American editor, who publishes in a dictatorship country, took the rostrum at New Orleans to declaim:

"I wish to refute the charges made here yesterday by the Freedom of the Press committee. It was said that there was no opposition newspaper in my country. An opposition newspaper is permitted. The thing is—nobody has *tried* it yet!"

The sessions began with a two-hour survey of press freedoms by Jules Dubois of the *Chicago Tribune*, chairman of the Freedom of the Press Committee. Somewhat belligerently, Mr. Dubois pointed to a table stacked high with files and exhibits and remarked: "If anybody wants to start anything, we're ready for them".

Mr. Dubois, the *Tribune's* Latin American expert, is an able reporter, and he made a telling indictment, citing names, dates and places. Thereafter, a steady file of editors made their way to the lectern to give testimony.

As the exiled editors unfolded their stories of violence, suppression and confiscations, one factor became of paramount significance to the Canadian observer: the use of newsprint, in the war against liberty, as a weapon every bit as potent as steel.

The method used by the dictators was simple. They took over newsprint import controls and rationed it out—feeding their friends, starving their critics. Accompanied with this was some truly spectacular highjacking. In some instances, the dictators were brash enough to rig a deal with an appointed "buying agent" and *give* the paper to the friendly press, paying for it out of general revenues.

With this sorry saga as background, it came inevitably as a shock to one member of IAPA to find on his return to Canada a Canadian Press story from Quebec City, dated November 4, which quoted Premier Maurice Duplessis to the effect that while state controls of newsprint were "detestable," they might be "necessary under certain circumstances".

Again on November 23, speaking to a trades-union delegation, Premier Duplessis reiterated his warning, but in stronger terms: "If those people (the manufacturers) want price control, they're going to get it".

The Premier emphasized that his government was concerned primarily with the cost of newsprint to newspapers in Quebec.

Mr. Duplessis has shown this concern on other occasions. In 1950, small price adjustments were made in favor of Quebec newspapers which were close by the mills. Little tonnage was involved and the overall effect was insignificant. In 1952, a general price increase was announced, but Mr. Duplessis intervened with Quebec mills and refused to allow it until the 10 per cent federal tax was removed. The tax came off in the 1953 budget, but for six months United States publishers were paying the higher cost and they not unnaturally vented their wrath against Canada's major export industry.

In the face of the Premier's most recent threats, Quebec manufacturers have been wary of increasing their price, along with other Canadian mills. Two have announced increases but at this writing Consolidated —the largest supplier of Quebec newspapers—has not moved.

An interesting by-product of this climate has been the reluctance of some Quebec mills to sell newsprint in their home province; their sales are almost exclusively devoted to the American and overseas markets. Meanwhile, Canadian publishers outside Quebec continue to pay more for newsprint than their colleagues in *la vieille province*.

The ethics of this situation are a matter for the individual conscience of the publishers concerned. In accepting government "intervention" are the Quebec publishers not, in fact, receiving a preferential tariff? And what does this unilateral act do to the principles of inter-provincial trade?

These questions aside, it will readily be seen that there is a much more profound moral principle at issue—the question of whether or not a free press can afford to accept favors from politicians.

One fact is evident: Mr. Duplessis suffers precious little criticism from the majority of Quebec's dailies, while the one paper consistently hostile to him—*Le Devoir* of Montreal—is struggling to stay alive.

The struggles of South and Central American editors against such indignities may seem remote to Canadians. They may not be as remote as we think.

by Arthur Lower

U.S. Revisited: Some New Comparisons

FOR THE SECOND time in my life, I am having an opportunity to look at the American scene from the vantage point of a great University. Years ago, I was a member—an inconsiderable member—of the mother seat of learning in English North America, Harvard. My term there gave me an insight into the New England mentality and way of life that has always been valuable. And now here I am, in the heart of the Middle West, in Joe McCarthy's own state, at the University of Wisconsin, with four or five months to take my soundings and make my observations on a region of the United States quite different from New England. I would be less than human if I were not constantly measuring what I see and hear against what I have been accustomed to see and hear.

When I first went to Harvard, years ago, I was asked by a relative, "How I found the Americans". I had to answer then, as I would answer now, "Not very different from ourselves," which is, of course, a high compliment to them.

The other day I got into conversation with a man in the train and our talk happened to turn on language and its variations. He mentioned Mencken's book *The American Language*. I ventured to say that I did not think there was an American language and said that English, pretty well "as she is spoke", would take you over the globe. I myself had only been stumped twice, I added, once in the wilds of Georgia and once in a backwoods town in Scotland, Sterling. He continued in his view that "American" might be called a separate language. "What, then, am I speaking?" I asked him. "Oh, you're speaking American," he replied. I said I couldn't possibly be, which mystified him, and added that I had been born and brought up to speak Canadian. "Well, you've got me there," he said.

In general, then, differences are relatively small. They exist, of course. Here in the middle west, there is a degree of democracy, or at least of the outward expressions of democracy, that can be found nowhere in Canada. First-naming on sight —but that's common in certain classes in Canada, too; in the University, no distinction in eating places (except prices) between staff and students; hearty greetings by the janitor. These are small things and I fancy they are superficial: class distinctions are about the same as in western Canada, not quite as apparent as in Ontario.

On the campus of the University of Wisconsin: "A complete society".

The major difference is that in the latter province there are a good many people who regret their absence, whereas here everyone, whatever his private sentiments, stands four square for equality. This extends to race relationships, too: there are some Negro assemblymen in the Legislature and a large Negro population in Milwaukee. There are no Dresdens in the state.

Every Canadian is under the fixed impression that we manage our public affairs better than do our American friends. It may well be that we manage them better than they are managed in many places in this vast country, but I doubt if the impression is correct for many others, these quiet agricultural states especially. Their roads are better than ours. Their towns are laid out better, with much wider streets. They seem just as orderly. The number of their state parks and other places of public recreation is greater than ours and they are well kept.

Within the University, the intellectual and cultural level of the staff is quite equal to that of any of ours, and its creativity, in the form of books written, is much greater. Things seem to get done, quietly and effectively, and without the interminable inconclusive debate that so often characterizes our proceedings in Canada.

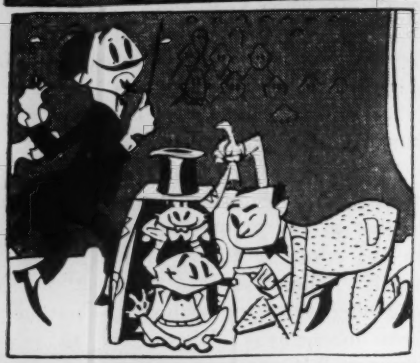
Perhaps the major difference I notice lies in the subtle area of psychology. In Canada one is constantly confronted with the readiness, at every level of life, to look to external opinion for our big decisions.

In technical matters, we are constantly calling in British or American experts. In educational policy, our schools have been damned by the readiness with which so-called "educators" have imported American theories and devices, often completely unsuitable to Canadian conditions. Worse than this sort of thing, the average Canadian, thanks to his long colonial history and to the proximity of the United States, seems to go about with a kind of ghost constantly looking over his shoulder. I sometimes suspect that he knows he is a subordinate and is rather willing to accept that irresponsible role.

Here I get the feeling, as elsewhere in the United States, that action proceeds out of the community, that I am in a complete society, one working out its way of life for itself, not having a way of life imposed on it. I must say this gives a dignity to men's lives (and there is just as much dignity on one side of the line as on the other, though there are not so many artificial attempts to maintain dignity in the United States as in Canada), which is sometimes lacking at home, for no man can be very dignified if he is not based solidly on himself. Our English-Canadian Achilles' Heel, as I have often observed, is divided loyalties: most of our weaknesses flow from that, and I suppose time alone will remedy the affliction.

Meanwhile, may I report from his own backyard that "Joe" has definitely gone down the drain?

Any way you look at it...



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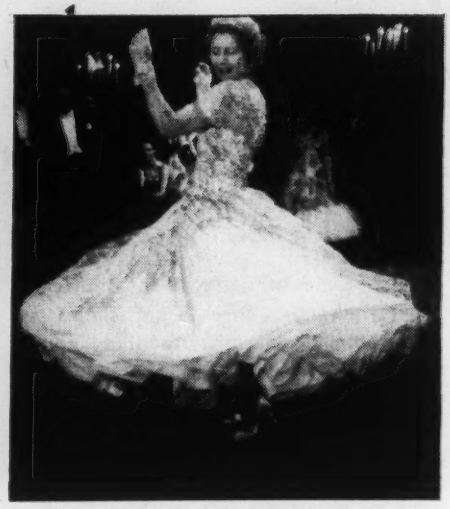

Lady Docker: Playful and refreshing on all levels.

Letter From London

Visitors and Eccentrics

by Beverley Nichols

YOU MAY HAVE noticed that I collect eccentrics. British history has always offered the most rewarding hunting-ground for them—male or female. So let me introduce you to a glittering new eccentric who is playing a more and more prominent role on the London social stage — Lady Docker. She is the very beautiful, very feminine, and permanently explosive wife of a millionaire industrialist called Sir Bernard Docker, and the reason why she is an eccentric figure, in our so-called Welfare State, is because she is honest enough to admit that she loves luxury, enjoys her palatial yacht, is greatly partial to diamonds, and sees no reason why she should not have a gold-plated motor car. (It is significant that the working-class people in her husband's factories—with whom she plays marbles—adore her.)

I was fortunate enough to be present on the occasion when she was photographed at the Motor Show, entering her cream and gold car, whose upholstery was lined with zebra skins. It used to be mink. One of the reporters asked her the reason for the change. Lady Docker smiled demurely. "Mink," she explained, "is too hot to sit on."

Maybe there are people who will find that remark vulgar. If they lived in a Welfare State, they would find it infinitely refreshing.

HOWEVER firmly Mr. Molotov may ring down the Iron Curtain, the Russians continue to trickle into London in increasing numbers, in the shape of sailors on leave, visiting members of trade delegations, occasional students, and members of ballet companies. We have had the remarkable spectacle of Soviet admirals laying wreaths on the Cenotaph in Whitehall, and Soviet dress designers attending model shows in the softly lit salons of Norman Hartnell—the Queen's dress designer. It would be intriguing to have known the private thoughts of Madame Kaminskaya, director of Leningrad's Fashion House, as she stared at gowns glittering with paillettes and trimmed with exquisite lace.

On the whole the Russians created an excellent impression, particularly the sailors, who were smart, smiling, and like all foreign sailors who come to London, insatiable in their desire to take snapshots of Buckingham Palace.

At the last moment, it was arranged that the sailors' ballet company should give a couple of performances at Earl's Court, for which I was lucky enough to get a seat. As we had been assured that these were "'just ordinary sailors" who danced their traditional dances for fun, I had expected nothing more sensational than a series of amiable variations on the hornpipe. It was therefore somewhat unexpected to be treated to a performance of startling brilliance, in which the "just ordinary sailors"—who were *not,* please understand, hand-picked—performed a series of *entrechats, tours-en-l'air,* and all the rest of it, with an *éclat* which would have made Diaghileff sit up. It would seem that the training of the lower deck, in the Baltic Fleet, must be unusually comprehensive.

The more Russians who come over to London, for a breath of free air, the better. One cannot say the same of all the visitors we welcome; indeed, in view of

the supreme moment...

IMPERIAL

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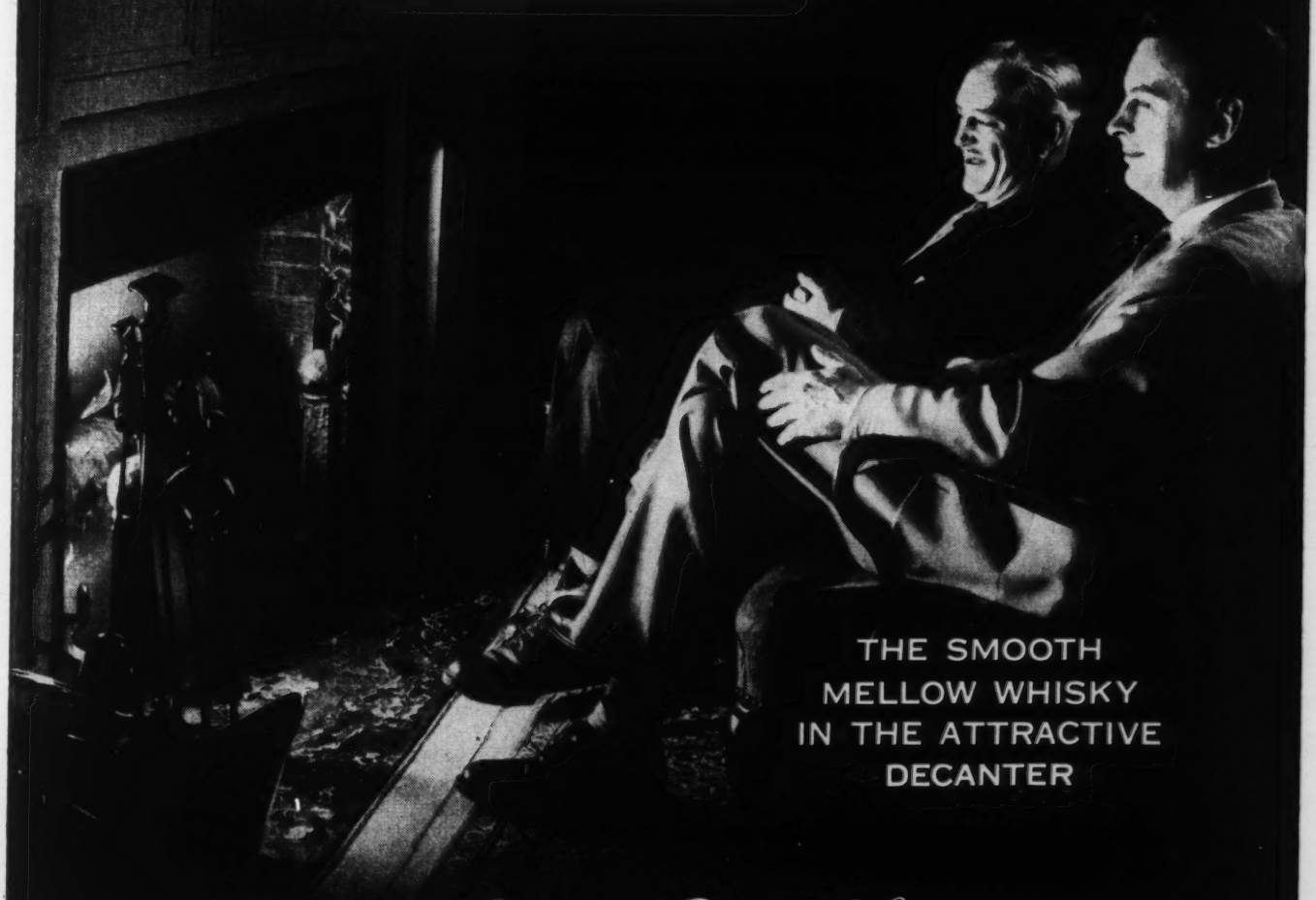

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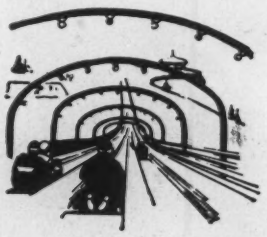

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some of the persons whom we admit, the rest of the world would be justified in assuming that the British people have taken leave of their senses. Consider the case of Ben Hecht. This fat, prosperous, second-rate American dramatist has proved himself, in the past, one of the bitterest enemies that the British Empire has ever known. Moreover, he has expressed his enmity in terms which are an affront to civilized thought. His most notorious cry of hate—and there were many—was addressed to the Palestine terrorists at a time when they were engaged in a mass stabbing of British soldiers in the back.

But times change. Mr. Hecht has no aversion to making British money. So now he comes over to London to make it, in some film or other, and nobody spits in his face. He even gets the *Daily Express* to publish a whining story denying that he was ever responsible for the words attributed to him—though, on the following day, he was forced to admit, by the *Daily Mail,* that he was.

Now Mr. Hecht wants sterling. So, of course, we give it to him—appeased, presumably, by Mr. Hecht's assurance to the *Daily Mail* that "Britain is one of the finest countries in the world. I mean that."

THE PRINCESS Margaret affair—so you have been assured by a large section of the British press—is over. You have also been assured that as a result of this affair the British crown has been strengthened, that the attitude of the British church has been vindicated, and that—by and large—it was all for the best.

None of these contentions is even remotely true. It is unnecessary to stress the personal aspect of the matter, but the facts, surely, speak for themselves. Here is a young woman who, for the rest of her life, will be credited by the public with a broken heart. Even if she forgets Peter Townsend — and none of his women friends to whom I have spoken has conveyed the impression that he is a man whom any woman would find it easy to forget — the great world will not allow her to forget him. And if, in time, she marries, it is inevitable that her husband will feel—however untrue it may be—that he is playing understudy to one of the minor roles in a romance by the late Ivor Novello.

As for Townsend himself, what does the future hold for him? He has already been treated more shabbily than any commoner, of recent years, who had the misfortune to incur the Royal disapproval. One of the most gallant figures of the war, with a brilliant Court record, he was suddenly banished to an obscure back-alley job which would have been brusquely refused by any self-respecting clerk in a travel agency. Then, equally suddenly, he was allowed to return, and positively forced into a blaze of publicity. Finally,

ne is sent into banishment again.

And the Church? The principal effect of the affair on the Church of England has been to reveal to the general public a fact of which some of us were previously aware — namely, that the Church of England's teaching on divorce is a hotchpotch of compromise and contradiction. It would take far too long to list the various pronouncements on the subject over the last hundred years, with Archbishop contradicting Archbishop, and one ecclesiastical commission cancelling the findings of another. It is enough to say that as a result of this stream of light on the ramshackle fabric of Church and State, the man-in-the-street has come to feel, with some reason, that the sooner the church is separated from the state—the sooner the church is "disestablished" —the better. Disestablishment would not weaken the church; on the contrary, it would become once again what it should never have ceased to be, an independent spiritual body.

It is on the Crown itself, and its prestige, that the effect of this affair has been potentially, if not yet actually, so disturbing. Everybody you meet has an "inside story" telling of violent personal conflicts within the immediate circle of the Royal Family. It may be that the origin of most of these stories was at a certain unhappy gala night at the opera where it seemed only too evident that there was a "coolness" between the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh; or again at the Royal reception to the President of Portugal, where the only person who greeted the Princess with anything that could be described as affection was the Duchess of Kent. Perhaps it is because we are so used to regarding the Royal Family as happy and united that these episodes created so unfortunate an impression.

From every point of view it is a tricky situation. Here is an institution, the Crown, which has an immense influence for good. In essence, it is a spiritual institution. And yet, in a popular monarchy, it must share the rough and tumble of the life of the people; princes and princesses must mix with the crowds and yet remain princes and princesses.

My own feeling, which seems to be shared by an increasing number of journalists, is that there is a crying necessity, at Buckingham Palace, for a Public Relations office which shall be worthy of its great responsibility—an office containing men of imagination who can present the Crown to the world in its proper light. At the moment there is only one over-worked ex-naval officer, sitting in a small office in a back room, with his lips (on most occasions) firmly sealed. He seems hardly an adequate link between the Crown and the hundreds of millions who look to it for inspiration.

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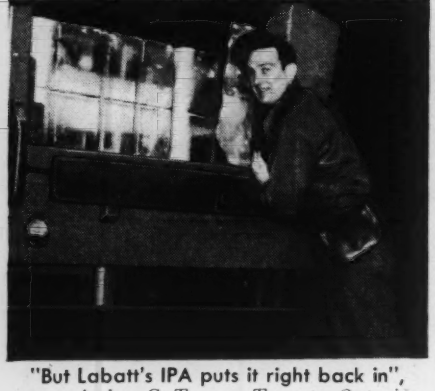

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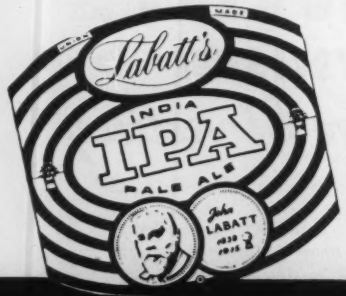

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Ottawa Letter

Revolt, Appeasement and Imperialism

by John A. Stevenson

IF CABINET MINISTERS wanted any further information about the causes of the agrarian revolt which is giving them such worry, they would secure it in the bleak pictures of the present plight of agriculture drawn by spokesmen of the farmers at the annual Federal-provincial conference on agriculture, held in Ottawa this month.

A brief presented on behalf of the Interprovincial Farm Union Council, stated that figures compiled by the Bureau of Statistics showed that between 1951 and 1954 there was a drop of almost 50 per cent in net farm income and an increase of more than 90 per cent in farm operating costs in the same period. Its sponsor added that competent authorities estimated that the grain blockade and other factors operating in 1955 would increase the drop in the farmers' net income in the five year period 1951-55 to between 66 and 75 per cent.

The brief also argued that an effort to meet the crisis by switching from one form of production to others would only imperil the delicate balance in agriculture; to give point to this warning, it showed that farmers in Saskatchewan had this year increased their production of hogs by almost 30 per cent to counteract their inability to get cash for their grain, and as a consequence hog prices had dropped on an average by 20 per cent, and in some areas by nearly 40 per cent, in the past 18 months.

For the improvement of the depressed fortunes of the farmers some drastic remedies were prescribed, but firm opposition was expressed to any lowering of prices for grain or restrictions upon the acreage allotted to its production.

THE appeasement of Henry Byron McCulloch, Liberal member for Pictou Co., NS, since 1935, has been bothering the directors of his party's strategy. He has been one of the least loquacious of the members in the House of Commons, but has become one of its recognized characters and he has almost a feudal conception of his role.

Having held the seat for twenty years by majorities ranging from 2,914 in 1940 to 387 in 1945, he felt last summer that he had convinced the high command of the Liberal party that his faithful services deserved the reward of a senatorship. But apparently he incurred their displeasure through some transactions in connection with his campaign and when the last list

Dr. G. Edward Hall: Dollar invasion.

of senatorial appointees was announced, his name was missing. So in October he announced that the Government has forfeited his confidence and that he was resigning his seat to show his disapproval.

Now, the calamitous setbacks which befell the Liberals in the Restigouche-Madawaska by-election, has left the party's managers with an acute distaste for another by-election in the restless Maritime provinces, especially in view of the fact that in 1953 Mr. McCulloch had only a majority of 256 over the combined vote of his Tory and CCF opponents. So apparently effective measures were taken to soothe the wounded feelings of Mr. McCulloch and secure a reversal of his decision to resign. He had available the formal excuse that his letter of resignation had been addressed to the Prime Minister and not to the appropriate person, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Mr. McCulloch, in his biographical sketch in the *Parliamentary Guide*, modestly describes himself as "retired" and names three companies of which he is a director. Evidently he has been a shrewd and successful man of business and it can be assumed that he has exacted a stiff price for his appeasement.

TOO LITTLE attention has been paid to a speech delivered in Boston a couple of months ago by Dr. Edward Hall, President of the University of Western Ontario. Choosing as his theme the intertwining of the economic relations of Canada and the United States, and reinforcing his arguments with arresting data, he drew some

interesting conclusions and offered profitable suggestions.

Placing the total amount of foreign capital invested in Canada at the end of 1953 at $11 billion, he estimated the American share of it to be about $9 billion, and asserted that more than a third of the total investment in Canadian manufacuring enterprises in that year was in companies controlled not in Canada but in the United States. In light of the fact that in 1954 the new investment of American capital in Canada was placed at $750 million and the inflow has continued during the current year, the percentage of American control of Canadian manufacturing activities now probably exceeds 40 per cent.

Dr. Hall also pointed out that in many of these American companies operating in Canada, Canadian investors were barred from direct investment in the Canadian subsidiary. He cited a statement made by a prominent Canadian investment banker that out of 4,253 companies or firms, which are Canadian branches or subsidiaries of foreign organizations, chiefly American, only 2 per cent of them had Canadians on their boards of directors. He declared that often the special interest of the parent company dictated the policy of the Canadian subsidiary, with a complete disregard of the best interests of Canada or of Canadians.

Obviously referring to nickel, of which Canada produces 90 per cent of the world's total supplies, he complained that the head office of this industry's largest company, "whose mines are manned by Canadians, whose furnaces are operated by Canadians and whose profits are made in Canada", was not in Canada but in an American city and that its Canadian stockholders get their dividends not in Canadian but in American funds.

Dr. Hall discerned two schools of thought in Canada. One body of Canadian opinion, he said, felt that American corporations were now beginning to control the economic destinies of Canada and that such control was bound to be incompatible with the perpetuation of Canada's independence. A contrary school of thought held that Canada would not be enjoying her enviable state of prosperity without the stimulus of the huge inflow of American capital and the technical skills accompanying it.

He himself did not exactly subscribe to the theory that Canada was suffering from "an overdose of American economic Imperialism", but he expressed his disquietude about some current tendencies. He could see no profit in regulatory legislation aimed against foreign corporations operating in Canada, but held that the situation posed a problem not of dollars and cents but of human relations, of respect for others and of understanding and mutual participation.

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ASSETS

Cash, clearings and due from banks	$180,540,320
Canadian Government securities not exceeding market value	236,300,505
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	76,398,522
Call loans (secured)	81,690,108
Other loans and discounts (less provision for estimated loss)	584,418,552
Customers' liability under acceptances and letters of credit (as per contra)	17,924,202
Bank premises	11,114,934
Controlled Company	4,029,487
Other assets	550,796
	$1,192,967,426

LIABILITIES

Deposits	$1,120,934,324
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding	17,924,202
Other liabilities	3,082,218
	$1,141,940,744
Shareholders' Equity	
Capital paid-up $15,000,000	
Rest account 35,000,000	
Undivided profits 1,026,682	
	51,026,682
	$1,192,967,426

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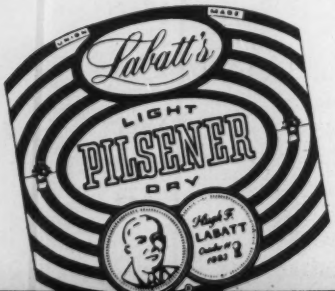

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Foreign Affairs

Some Missing Persons

by Adrian Liddell Hart

AN OLD PICTURE of the Mary-Celeste—the ghostly outline of a full-rigged sailing ship through an ocean mist—came to mind when I read about the recent finding of the Joyita in the south Pacific. The cruiser was still seaworthy—but no sign of the passengers and crew. Were the missing 24 the victims of a mysterious sea-quake, of pirates, of a Japanese plot? No wonder these speculations distracted the Australians from their politics and sports. For there is nothing like the sudden and unexplained disappearance of our fellow-human beings to excite the imagination.

The "case of the missing diplomats" was debated last month in the British Commons. It may lead to far-reaching changes in the British security system—and in the selection of personnel for the Foreign Office. It has been a domestic political issue which might have brought the fall of the Government over the widely-criticized handling of the case if the Opposition did not share in the responsibility. And it has, unfortunately, become an international issue which, on account of the loss of confidence in British security methods by the United States, has had a serious effect on scientific exchange and defence co-operation. But, above all, it remains one of the great human puzzles of our times.

The bare facts are common knowledge, and they have not been substantially augmented by subsequent researches. Donald Maclean had recently taken charge of the American Department at the Foreign Office after an apparent recovery from a breakdown in Cairo. On Friday evening May 25, 1951, he returned to his Surrey home after working all day in Whitehall, except for a champagne birthday-lunch. Mrs. Maclean had been warned on the previous day that a man would be coming to dinner. And when Guy Burgess—who had returned from the Washington Embassy in disgrace sixteen days earlier and had known Maclean only casually since Cambridge—turned up in a hired car with two trunks, he was introduced as Roger Styles (Burgess had received an untraced telephone call at 5 o'clock). After dinner, Maclean packed a bag and left with Burgess giving some pretext to his wife. They parked the car at a Southampton dock, saying they would collect it on the Monday, and embarked for St. Malo with return tickets—both reportedly intoxicated. The next morning they waited on board until the Paris express had left and then went ashore, leaving their luggage behind. They took a taxi sixty miles to Rennes—and vanished. Eleven days later telegrams to their families, brief and uninformative, were handed in at the night cable office in Paris.

In 1953, Mrs. Maclean, who had moved to Geneva to escape the persecution of the British Press, caught a train connection to Zurich with her three children and boarded the Arlberg Express with a single ticket to Bad-Gastein in the U.S. Zone of Austria. She was last seen by the ticket collector on the train.

Though there have been rumors of the diplomats' living in Moscow, Prague, Budapest and Bucharest, none has been confirmed. "If anyone were to presume that Burgess and Maclean are behind the Iron Curtain he would probably be right," said the Minister of State at the Foreign Office some time ago. But reports give no evidence where they are, or, indeed, whether they are still alive. The Russians have officially denied any knowledge.

For the most part, the information that has been uncovered concerns the more or less private lives of the pair, and their left-wing remarks. No doubt, one could find discreditable incidents and seemingly-sinister opinions if one dug deeply enough into most people's lives over the years with the assistance of police, psychologists, personal enemies and political propagandists. But these details only leave me wondering why, as now largely taken for granted, the Russians should have trusted to such unreliable and indiscreet agents, why they should have wished to evacuate them contrary to usual practice—and why two such intelligent but pleasure-loving characters should have wanted to hole up in the Soviet Union indefinitely, whatever their theoretical attitude to Communism.

The recent White Paper — which one MP described as "an insult to the intelligence of the country", merely states that the Foreign Office had "received little

Mrs. Maclean: The Lady Vanishes.

more than a hint" in January, 1949, that a leakage had occurred some years earlier and that Maclean was about to be interviewed on suspicion. They left the country "when the security authorities were on their track". We are left with a feeling of frustration, and the suspicion that something or someone is still being covered up.

The latest furore over the case was inspired by the allegations of a defecting MVD man called Petrov. He claimed (in a popular newspaper) that Burgess and Maclean were long-time agents, who were now working in Moscow. Yet Petrov was a minor agent who had been living for three years in Australia before he defected in 1954. Another ex-Soviet agent with whom I have recently discussed the matter here considers it preposterous that Petrov should have been in a position to know what is obviously a closely-guarded secret —if the Russians are, in fact, responsible.

I first met Guy Burgess in 1940 and with close mutual friends I sometimes used to see him socially when we were both working for the Government during and after the war. At one moment or another I have been assured that he had been liquidated by the Russian, the American or even the British Secret Service (and to anyone knowing anything of Secret Service methods and the system of "double-spying", this idea is not quite so fantastic as it sounds).

It seems to me more likely—and this is only a theory—that Maclean had committed some political indiscretion during the War years—when such indiscretions were not uncommon; that Burgess got to know of this; and that at a time when he himself had been dismissed from the Service he concocted a plan for luring Maclean away with him. (Burgess was a man who loved intrigue and had a curious sadistic streak, delighting to frighten his capitalist friends with descriptions of their fate when the Communists gained power.) He may have wished to revenge himself on the Foreign Office and to damage Anglo-American relations—or just make a good story for the papers. Then something must have gone wrong, an unforeseen development. Possibly the Russians got to hear about it; possibly Maclean, who was an unbalanced man of violent temper and great strength, murdered Burgess in France. If neither of them is behind the Iron Curtain, did either commit suicide or are they both still hiding in the West?

I think these mysteries appeal to something deeper than curiosity because we all want, at times, to lose ourselves under the pressures of modern society. Who does not hear an echo in Maclean's remark to a friend some time before his disappearance that he "wanted to cut adrift", because he was "a sheep among other sheep going off to London every day with the black hat and neat black suit and little black brief-case"?

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A Ceremony of Chortles

by Robertson Davies

LAST YEAR at this time I confided to the readers of this paper my pleasure in E. T. A. Hoffman's macabre and romantic tales, and recommended them as Christmas reading — an antidote to too much pseudo-Dickens and department-store Gemütlichkeit. This year I hobble out of my library bearing another precious volume, ideally suited to the season; it is *A Christmas Garland* by Sir Max Beerbohm.

The book contains seventeen Christmas stories, written by Beerbohm as parodies of the style of the most eminent writers of his day. The book first appeared in 1912, and again in 1922; it is not easy to get a copy today, and I cannot understand why some enterprising publisher does not reprint it, or prepare a *Beerbohm Omnibus*—if a writer so elegant may be mentioned in connection with an omnibus. Parody has never been brought to such perfection before or since.

Romping parody and vicious parody are common enough; among modern parodists Wolcott Gibbs, Cyril Connolly and S. J. Perelman are specially gifted, but nobody has ever touched Beerbohm in this uncommonly difficult field. We may wonder, perhaps, if his genius in this sphere has not been a limitation on his other writing. But is there an admirer of Beerbohm who would sacrifice *A Christmas Garland* simply in order that *Zuleika Dobson* might be a little more successful? For myself I think that *Around Theatres*, the *Garland* and *Seven Men* are his best books.

I do not wish to fight about this, so if any reader disagrees with me, let him feel free at once to despise me and pity my ignorance. The *Garland* is parody brought to the level of genius; from that point I do not intend to budge.

The book has grown with the years, and that is in itself an astonishing feat for a volume of parody. The authors who are put under the microscope are all dead, and the fluctuation of reputation which follows death is, in the case of most of them, done with. The value of Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, George Moore and George Meredith is firmly established. Rudyard Kipling has not met with justice yet, but his reputation is climbing, and the same may be said for H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy. We do not value Chesterton and Belloc as highly as their contemporaries did, and it will be long before the beating of Shaw's bones is finished. It is unlikely that future generations will have much knowledge of A. C. Benson, Frank Harris, Maurice Hewlett or G. S. Street, but Edmund Gosse will long have an honored place as a critic and as the writer of a great autobiography. These are the seventeen who are anatomized in Beerbohm's book. His genius is shown by the fact that those writers who were great, or worthy, are still great and worthy when he has finished with them, and the lesser fry emerge in all their bedizened vacuity. Such parody is criticism of the most brilliantly perceptive kind.

If the style is the man, how brilliantly Beerbohm captures these men! Consider this opening paragraph from the Belloc piece called "Of Christmas": "There was a man came to an Inn by night, and after he had called three times they should open him the door — though why three times, and not three times three, nor thirty times thirty, which is the number of the little stone devils that make mows at St. Aloesius of Ledera over against the marshes Gué-la-Nuce to this day, nor three hundred times three hundred (which is a bestial number), nor three thousand times three-and-thirty, upon my soul I know not, and nor do you—when, then, this jolly fellow had three times cried out, shouted, yelled, holloa'd, loudly besought, caterwauled, brayed, sung out, and roared, he did by the same token set himself to beat, hammer, bang, pummel, and knock at the door". So also with the Chesterton piece, called "Some Damnable Errors About Christmas"; and so again in "Euphemia Clashthought", in which the in-

Max Beerbohm: Perfection.

volved and often arch manner of Meredith is brilliantly touched off.

There is more to it, however, than putting on literary fancy-dress. Not only the style, but the mind, of each writer is assumed by the parodist. Does anybody today read Maurice Hewlett? You need not trouble, for in "Fond Hearts Askew" all that romantic silliness, all that fake-archaism of style is laid before you in miniature. Nor is it only the silly writers that Beerbohm impersonates to perfection.

I greatly admire Edmund Gosse, but who has read his work without being conscious of the fussy, dry, scholarly tone of voice, and the cultured yet innocently eager spirit which lurks behind so much of it? In "A Recollection" Beerbohm (as Gosse) recreates a Christmas in Venice, in which he tried to bring together his two foremost literary admirations, Robert Browning and Henrik Ibsen. The latter had no appetite for the meeting: "He had never heard of this Herr Browning. (It was one of the strengths of his strange, crustacean genius that he never had heard of anybody.)" But at last they meet, and while Browning urges Ibsen (of whose work he knows nothing) to keep away from the theatre, Ibsen tells Browning that no woman ever was capable of writing a fragment of good poetry. "Imagination reels at the effect this would have had on the recipient of *Sonnets from the Portuguese*." Poor Gosse, as interpreter, has to make the best he can of these dreadful failures in *entente* between his heroes. It is superbly funny, and yet it leaves Gosse's real importance and dignity unimpaired. Beerbohm is a mocker, but he is not a belittler; he has nothing of the itch which afflicts common parodists, driving them to drag great men down from the heights they have attained.

This, surely, is his most important quality as a parodist. He is himself a master, and he has no need to spatter other masters. But he cannot, at all times, take them quite seriously. His mockery is electrifying, but never deadly.

The book is full of splendid things. Consider this from "Endeavour", the Galsworthy piece: "Just at that moment, heralded by a slight fragrance of old lace and of that peculiar, almost unseizable odor that uncut turquoises have, Mrs. Berridge appeared". Or this, which is the remark made by a small boy to his little sister, in the Henry James piece called "The Mote in the Middle Distance": "Oh, you certainly haven't, my dear, the trick of propinquity!" Or this fine, though slightly off-key, echo from Chesterton: "We do not say of Love that he is short-sighted. We do not say of Love that he is myopic. We do not say of Love that he is astigmatic. We say quite simply, Love is blind. We might go further and say, Love is deaf. That would be a profound and obvious truth. We might go further

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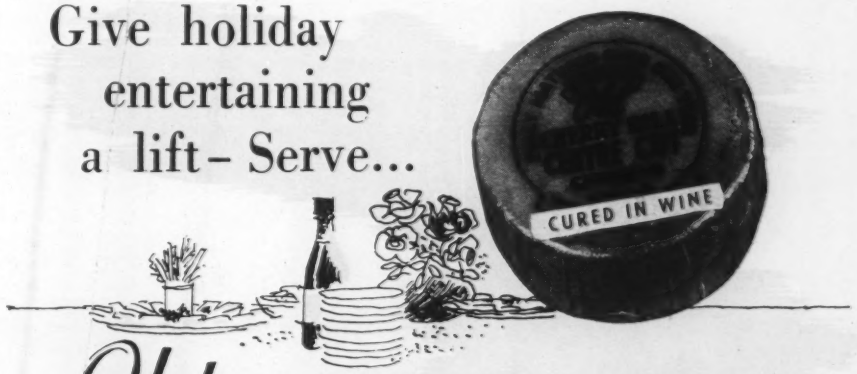

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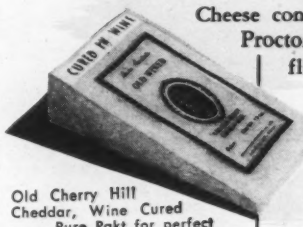

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still and say, Love is dumb. But that would be a profound and obvious lie. For Love is always an extraordinarily fluent talker. Love is a wind-bag, filled with a gusty wind from Heaven." The real Chestertonian note — the note of a sincere, kindly Chadband — is there.

Quotation, however, is dangerous. The splendor of these parodies lies not in isolated snippets, but in the whole impression. One of the funniest, to my mind, is "A Sequelula to The Dynasts", in which the poetry of Thomas Hardy is stood on its head, yet no single lines can be quoted from it. And in "P.C., X, 36" the whole of Kipling's "manlydom", and also his fascist woodnotes wild, are captured with the utmost skill, but no short passage can illustrate how this is done. Nor is it satisfactory to quote from the parody of Conrad, though I cannot resist this sentence: "In his upturned eyes, and along the polished surface of his lean body black and immobile, the stars were reflected, creating an illusion of themselves who are illusions."

Christmas is the noblest and tenderest of the yearly feasts, when we have stripped it of commercialism. Yet even then there is apt to be a certain heaviness about it; our smiles are a little greasy, and our tears contain more sugar than salt. We need a whiff of a keener air, and *A Christmas Garland* never fails to bring it. So, if you can find a copy, and creep away for a couple of hours on the Great Day, there can be no doubt whatever about the merriment of your Christmas.

In Brief

Heritage, by Anthony West—pp. 309—*—Random House—$4.50.*

THIS unusually entertaining and well-written novel is the story of R. G. Savage, who is the illegitimate son of a successful actress and an author of genius named Max Town. In his childhood the boy is pulled back and forth between these two highly-charged personalities, and it is not surprising that he seems rather a shadowy and passive little creature. But he is not, in fact, the hero of his own tale; it is his parents, and in particular the astonishing Max, who hold the limelight; Dicky is the observer and chronicler. In Max the author has created a believable genius, which is as hard a task for the artist in fiction as the creation of an interesting good woman. Max has been identified by some knowing persons as H. G. Wells, and those who knew the late Mr. Wells will be able to affirm or deny this. But whether he had a model or not, much must still be the product of the author's invention which, with his clean and low-keyed style, makes this one of the most truly pleasing and successful novels to appear this year. S.M.

Television

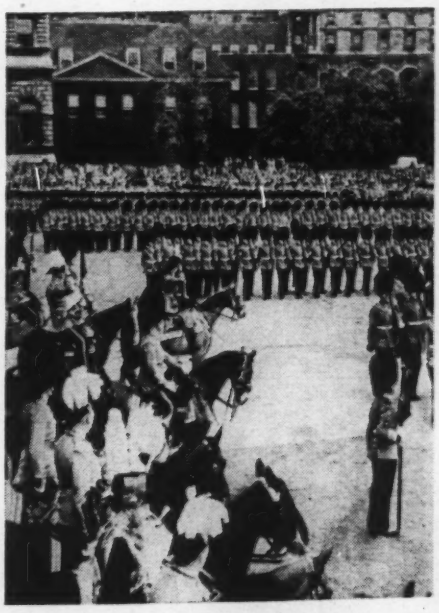
Anything New Up?

by Hugh Garner

A YEAR and a half ago, when it seemed that color TV was just around the corner, I wrote a piece on color television for this magazine in which I stated that it would be years yet before any of us would have to worry about converting our sets for color. It looks now as if I was right, not only for Canada but for the U.S. as well. Color TV is still only a novelty, even in New York, where color TV sets are the part-time playthings of the wealthy and the ostentatious, and where the average set buyer is still putting down his money for black-and-white sets.

The quick build-up and ballyhoo for color TV, and its subsequent dying out as far as its immediacy is concerned, parallels the build-up given by the movie industry to gimmicks like Cinerama. During the first week in November I was in New York, and I planked down $2.50 for a reserved seat to see "Cinerama Holiday", the new movie technique that was supposed to revolutionize the films, and steal people away from their TV sets. Believe me, television has no more to fear from Cinerama than it has from a revival of Chautauqua.

Cinerama, briefly, is a system of filming in which three cameras are used simultaneously. This is supposed to broaden what is seen on a huge curved screen until it approximates the width of ordinary human vision. It does this all right, but there are flickering lines between the pictures taken by each camera, which destroy the illusion, and from where I was sitting, a little left of centre, the picture seemed to slip off to the left down a precipitous



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slope. Cinerama? Not yet, kiddies.

Perhaps discontent is the stuff from which progress is made, and there is hardly a week goes by that somebody does not spout his dreams, hopes or prognostications for the future of TV. It took thirty years for the automobile industry to cover up car radiators with chrome, but there are some who want the infant television industry to fly even before it can crawl or walk. The latest brainchild is global TV.

Now, I believe that global television is coming, just as sure as Samuel Morse's first bit of telegraphy grew into a global telegraphic communications network, but I don't think it is coming the day after tomorrow.

The link between the continents of Europe and North America across the Atlantic is expected to cost between $75 million and $100 million, and is expected to be formed of microwave relay stations, thirty or forty miles apart, through Canada, Greenland, Iceland, and down through the Faeroe, Shetland and Orkney Islands to Scotland. Where the overwater distance is too great, coaxial cable may be laid on the ocean floor.

Interchanges of programs between North and South America are quite possible in the not too distant future. Europe is already tied together by an international network of stations, which will grow tremendously during the next few years. Right now several series of programs have been transmitted simultaneously to Great Britain, France, West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Italy and Switzerland, through what is called Eurovision. It is expected that this year will see the addition of Sweden, Spain, Luxembourg and the Saar. Eurovision uses both microwave relay stations and cable, much as we do here in North America, and the difficulties are certainly no greater than they are here in Canada, with our vast distances to overcome.

The big bugaboo of intercontinental television relays has always been the fact that television waves zoom off into space rather than follow the curvature of the earth. Experiments are now under way in the United States to project ultra high frequency waves that may be picked up at least 150 miles over water, with the hope that the distance may be increased to 200 miles before long.

Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that global TV is now a fact, and that the CBC, NBC and the Columbia systems are bringing in programs from Manila, Quito, Brussels, or Bogota. Are you going to want to watch them? Right now you will probably answer, "Of course I'll watch them. This is a big thing."

I would like to recall the time, let us say about 1930, when short-wave radio reception from any place on earth became possible on home sets. The console radios of the period blossomed out in multi-band tuners and other aids to long-distance reception, and for a while the home listener tuned in on Tokyo and Moscow. This lasted for a period of from a few days to a few weeks in most households, and then the listeners switched back more or less permanently to the long-wave band and Bing Crosby and Amos 'n Andy.

Today on television there are programs, especially during the Sunday afternoon doldrum period, when the viewer can be transported via film to all the corners of the earth. It seems significant to me that these programs enjoy places at the bottom of the popularity polls. The average North-American viewer is blasé about programs from foreign places, having been brought up on a movie diet of Fitzgerald's travelogues.

When global TV becomes a fact, I predict that foreign programs will be held to a minimum on the networks, and that only programs such as The Trooping of the Color, The Grand Prix horserace, and the Moscow May Day Parade will be able to steal viewers away from "Father Knows Best" and "Armstrong Circle Theatre". These things can be brought to us now by film, and it is worth a bit of speculation whether or not somebody is willing to pay $100 million to bring them across the ocean live.

The new jet airliner will have a top speed in excess of 550 mph, which will enable it to make regular non-stop flights between the U.S. and Europe.—*Aviation Week.*

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Films

Homer Retouched

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IT ISN'T much wonder that the movies attempt every once in a while to recreate the gigantic figures that move about on the horizons of human history. Why shouldn't they, since they have every modern resource for reproducing ancient legend — scale and splendor, armies of paid researchers (some of them, no doubt, capable of reading cuneiform), dry ice vapors to recreate the supernatural, and cameras and sound and wind equipment that can reproduce Mount Sinai or the ringing plains of windy Troy down to the last decibel and detail? In fact, they have just about everything they need for the enterprise except the sense of wonder and poetry out of which the legend sprang in the first place.

Ulysses, as it appears on the screen, is the work of seven writers with Homer retained as a sort of consulting author. The seven were turned loose on the Isles of Greece and told to go ahead; they couldn't treat the subject too broadly. So they have given us the Cinemascopic sea and strewed it with galleys and islands, peopled by mariners, giants, princesses and sirens. Most of the Homeric adventures are on view and all of them have been wonderfully touched up. Polyphemus, the giant, is at least forty feet high, and the sirens cover the side of their island as thickly as a colony of seals. Circe (Silvana Mangano) is colored absinthe green, and she turns the mariners into real pigs that go oink, oink. She also turns up as Penelope, on the ground that you can't have too much of a good thing. Nausicaa is a cutie-pie in a frilly dress and a Minoan hat that looks as if it had been designed by John Frederics. Kirk Douglas, in a beard and chiton, plays Ulysses with the energy of the sheriff of six counties and in the end rounds up and exterminates Penelope's suitors as briskly as though they had been a bunch of cattle-rustlers.

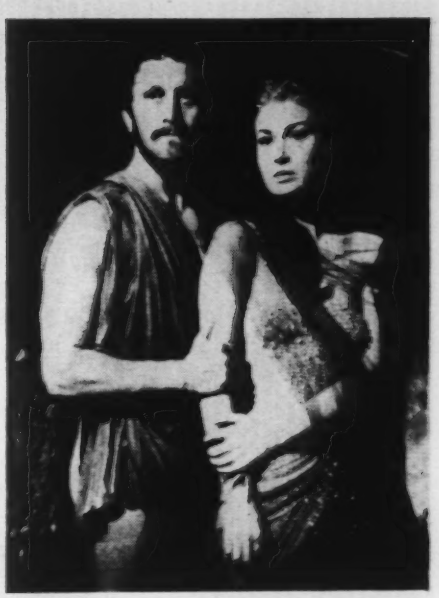
Fernandel.

Ulysses was filmed partly in Italian, partly in English, with the complete English dialogue dubbed in later. The group of screenwriters (which included Ben Hecht and Irwin Shaw) seems to have had a tough time in rounding up the dialogue, and there is little indication they ever got together for a final draft. It was each writer for himself, and as a result we sometimes have Ulysses invoking the Mediterranean in classic terms as the wine-dark sea, and sometimes snapping into brisk contemporary American. "Whadda you worrying about? Well, whadda we *waiting* for?"

Richard Egan and Dana Wynter.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne set about restating the classic legends he put them down in the simplest language he could contrive and called the collection *The Wonder Book*. There is so much action and technical excitement in the screen version of the legend, however, that there is hardly a chink where wonder can creep in.

The View from Pompey's Head is the screen version of Hamilton Basso's best-selling novel of 1954. Its hero (Richard Egan) is a Southern-born New York lawyer who goes back to his home town,



Kirk Douglas and Silvana Mangano.

Pompey's Head, on business, and soon finds himself so deeply entangled with his native roots that it looks as though he would never see New York or his Northern wife again. The principal attraction is his childhood sweetheart (Dana Wynter), now married to a Southern cracker (Cameron Mitchell), who has had the bad taste to make a lot of money out of a bottled drink called Peppo. Peppo has made it possible for him to restore Mulberry, his wife's ancestral home, an elegant set-up, with more curving staircases, cut-glass prisms, and mahogany highboys and lowboys that I have ever seen brought together in a single set.

There is a secondary plot having to do with the troubles of a best-selling author and his blue-blooded wife, and as things work out, the view from Pompey's Head seems to be that pride is stronger than mixed blood-strains, but vested property is a more important consideration than either of them. It is a question whether this point of view is really worth setting forth at such cost and length.

THE QUINTUPLET theme was exploited years ago in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, when it was given a rowdy workout with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken. Now a French studio has taken up the story in *The Sheep Has Five Legs*, and this time it has fallen into the hands of comedian Fernandel, who resourcefully plays all five quintuplets and throws in the father-role for good measure.

The quintuplets Saint-Forget have been taken over and reared by the French government and the story opens on their fortieth birthday when their godfather undertakes to round them up and bring them back to their native village for the annual fête. They are, Alain, proprietor of a gaudy Parisian beauty salon; Desiré, a window cleaner; Etienne, a roaring sea-

captain; Bernard, the "Aunt Nicole" who conducts the Miss Lonely Hearts column in a French magazine; and Father Charles, a priest whose ecclesiastical career is threatened with ruin because of his extraordinary resemblance to Fernandel, the French comedian.

Fernandel plays the whole series, shedding each characterization to the last leer and gesture as he goes along, and emerging with nothing to relate him to the part he has just quitted except the unmistakable long, sad upper lip of the born comedian. The story itself depends for its interest on the sharp and witty sense of character that seems to be the distinguishing mark of French films. It is a little uneven—very funny in the early episodes, but rather thinned out towards the end, when everything explodes in the old reliable joke about multiple birth. Fernandel himself is superb from first to last. He is a wonderful clown, capable of enlivening almost any situation with his own special and endearing ingenuities.

The Ship That Died of Shame, a rather curious exercise in animism, tells the story of His Majesty's Gunboat 1087, a minesweeper with a conscience. As long as she is sweeping mines and carrying out her duties to King and Country, 1087 is contented and integrated. But when peace-time comes and she is put to more dubious uses—such as transporting contraband nylons from France — her engines begin to grumble. They burst into roars of disapproval when she is compelled to convey illicit guns and stolen currency and she can't be pacified till the incriminating cargo is dumped overboard. As the conscience of her crew deteriorates, her moral sense expands and by the time her owner (Richard Attenborough) finds it necessary to dump a troublesome passenger into the Channel, 1087 has developed a formidable martyr-complex. The story, by Nicholas Monsarrat, is a highly fanciful concoction and I doubt very much if it will lead marine insurance companies to add nervous breakdown in the forward engines to the ordinary risks of life at sea.

The Great Adventure, a Swedish picture with English commentary, follows a pair of little boys through a child's country year. It is a lovely film, almost as astonishingly observed as a Disney True Life study, but far gentler and more lyrical in treatment. The small brothers adopt a baby otter, feed, tame and cherish it through the winter and in the spring watch it escape and vanish forever into its native stream. Visually *The Great Adventure* is an enchanting picture. It is also one of the year's most instructive films, if only for what it has to say about a good child's natural love of small and vulnerable creatures.

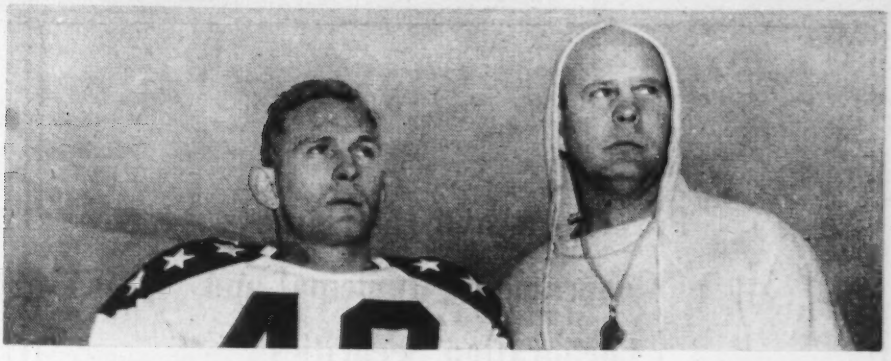
Sports

Merry Christmas

by Jim Coleman

THIS IS approximately the day on which countless North American newspapers will reprint the story of the little girl, named Virginia, who wrote to the editor of the *New York Sun* to complain that some unkind adults had put the whango on Santa Claus. The editor banged on his typewriter sturdily to reassure Virginia of the existence of Santa Claus and, as far as we know, the little girl grew up to live a rich and rewarding life.

In the manner of little Virginia, for many years your correspondent has been writing to newspaper editors, asking them to print the low-down on this Santa Claus dodge. So far, the editors have ignored our communications and, as far as we have been able to ascertain, Santa Claus is none other than our bank manager who comes apart at the seams when one of his customers tells him a sob-story in the few weeks immediately prior to December 25.

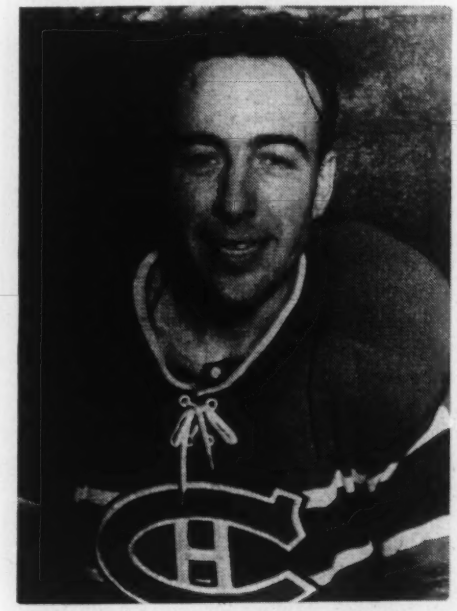


Frank "Pop" Ivy (right) got Jackie Parker among his Christmas presents.

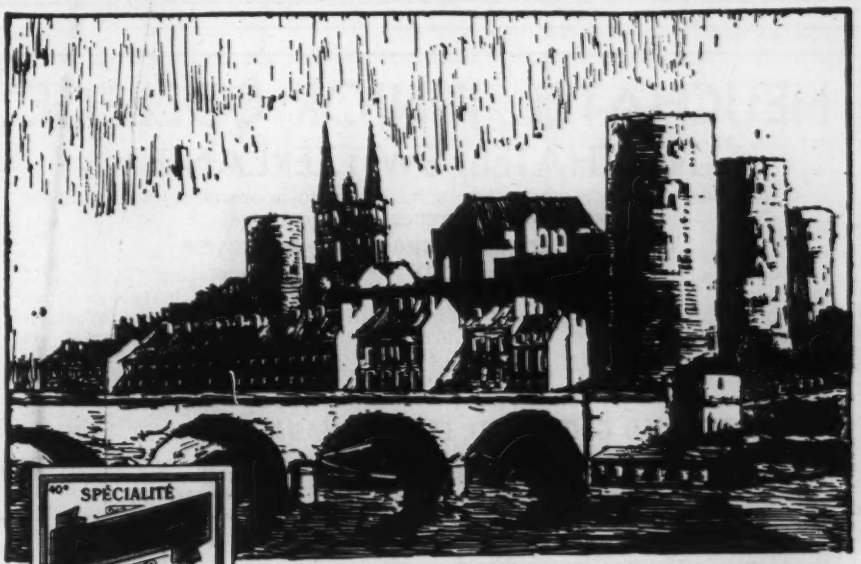
There are several sporting gentlemen who received gifts beyond their expectations in the past 12 months and who should be prepared to put in a few kind words for the bandy-legged, pot-bellied old phoney in the red suit. These gentlemen are:

HECTOR "TOE" BLAKE, freshman coach of Montreal Canadiens in the National Hockey League. No one felt too sorry for Blake when he took over Les Canadiens from Dick Irvin this year and inherited one of the strongest teams in professional hockey. To top it all, Blake also inherited one of the most proficient rookies of recent years in the person of Henri Richard. The discovery of Le Petit Henri under the Christmas Tree would be enough to cause any man to believe in Santa Claus. And as if that was not enough, the luck-spangled Monsieur Blake got another gift in Claude Provost, a highly talented youngster.

FRANK "POP" IVY, coach of the Edmonton Eskimos football team in 1954, when Eskimos beat Montreal Alouettes in a Grey Cup "squeaker". Edmonton's chief weapon was the deceptive ball-handling of quarterback Bernie Faloney. So, Faloney left the team and Ivy, looking under his tree, found Jackie Parker, a slab-sided,



Hector "Toe" Blake (above) found "Le Petit Henri" Richard under his tree.



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flat-footed young man from Mississippi. Parker merely proved that he could handle the ball as well as Faloney, in addition to which he could run faster than Faloney, pass more accurately than Faloney and play a remarkably fine game on defence. Frank Ivy and his Eskimos won the Grey Cup again this year.

WALTER ALSTON, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team. The Brooklyn Dodgers never had won a World Series until this year. Johnny Podres, who had been plagued by illness and injuries since he came up from the Montreal Royals, suddenly had a season in which he was blessed with his full health. Podres won two games from the mighty New York Yankees and the Dodgers took the Series. Actually, the Series was saved for Brooklyn by little Sandy Amoros, another "gift" player, who robbed Yogi Berra and the Yanks with a fantastic catch of a ball which should have dropped for a home-run. Alston should quit now—Santa Claus never will be SO good to him again.

LARKIN MALONEY, a Toronto construction tycoon. Mr. Maloney decided to buy a few thoroughbred race horses, "just to have a bit of fun". This summer, Maloney came up with Ace Marine, which won the Queen's Plate, in addition to five other stakes and earned around $45,000 in purses. Maloney's modest stable picked up $80,000 in purses as well as providing him with "a bit of fun".

There are some other men in sports who are going to need important assistance in the coming year. We don't profess to know whence they are going to receive this assistance, but it is expedient that they write polite notes and send them up the chimney in flames in the few hours that remain.

There is reason to believe that Vancouver football coaches of the future will find themselves in the same position as their unfortunate counterparts in the bustling and impatient city of Calgary. Since Les Lear was given the heave-ho from the Calgary job, the life expectancy of a Calgary football coach has been something in the neighborhood of 18 months.

Shed a tear, too, for the boxing managerial team of Uncle Jimmy Jones and Shirley S. Jackson. At this moment, they will be laboriously writing a request for a replacement for Earl Walls, the long-limbed Canadian heavyweight pugilist who, just when he was on the point of getting into the big-money ranks, decided to hang up his leotard. Uncle Jimmy and Shirley ordinarily are lugubrious fellows and one promoter, after wiping their tears from the floor of his office, referred to them testily as the managerial team of "Null And Void".

But, time and space are short this week, and we have a few notes of our own to write—particularly that note for the Bank of Montreal. Merry Christmas, Virginia.

A National Emergency in the West

by C. M. Short

THE PLIGHT of Western grain growers is a matter of national concern. In all, the Western Provinces constitute approximately half of the entire national agricultural system, with 70 per cent of the total farm acreage, nearly half of the value of farm capital in all Canada, and over 40 per cent of the country's livestock. This vast agricultural system contributes most of the grain for export valued at about $600 million a year, which is distributed through practically every commercial channel and finds its way directly or indirectly to a host of non-agricultural workers and their dependents, notably those employed in rail transportation and in shipping on the Great Lakes and at ocean ports.

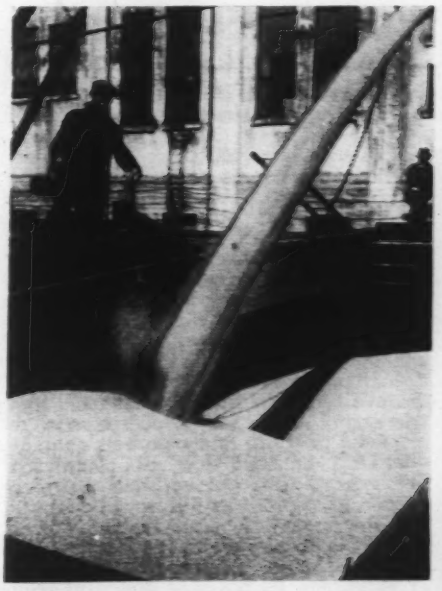
Western farmers and ranchers derive from their operations nearly half of the total cash farm income of Canada, and spend a good part of it for industrial products made in Ontario and Quebec. This income, as well as that from other forms of activity, normally provides prairie people with sufficient cash to purchase over a fifth of all the goods and services offered the Canadian public. So in addition to being one of the major sources of food supplies the prairies make up one of the largest markets, almost as large as the more heavily populated Province of Quebec.

Present difficulties of the Western grain belt are generally considered to be due only to the lack of elevator storage for this year's wheat crop, but there are other factors to be taken into account if these difficulties are to be so well understood as to provide for a complete diagnosis and for curative remedies. In the first place, the Prairie Provinces do not live by wheat alone. They also produce about 90 per cent of all the barley, rye and flax grown in Canada; more than two-thirds of the oats; over half of the sugar beets; about 20 per cent of the hay and potatoes; and nearly 10 per cent of the corn. In fact, in some years the Western crops of coarse grains have exceeded those of wheat and most of these are marketed in bulk form and also require elevator storage until they can be sold.

It is important to note that in three of the last five years marketing and storage difficulties have been encountered, with depressing effects upon the growers. In 1950 and 1954 all grains were badly damaged by frost, by wet weather in the harvesting periods and notably by rust last year. This combination of unfavorable elements and plant disease resulted in the downgrading of these grains and, of course, in lower prices to the growers.

These difficulties have been aggravated by the almost continuous decline in prices of farm products and the steady rise in farm costs. Prices are at the lowest level since 1947, while farm costs have risen by over 40 per cent since that year. This price-cost squeeze has been felt by most farmers throughout Canada, but with special severity by Western grain growers because of the singular difficulties they have had in the way of crop damage, lack of adequate storage and shrinking exports. Accordingly, cash income in most Western agricultural districts has fallen more than elsewhere and many farmers have accumulated heavy debts.

The influences adversely affecting prairie agriculture vary from province to province. Saskatchewan is mainly a straight grain-growing area, although it has a livestock population of over 2 million and a considerable flock of poultry. Agriculture accounts for more than three-quarters of the net value of all production and employs over 80 per cent of the total working population. Both Manitoba and Alberta have much more diversified agricultural systems.



No. 1 Problem: Wheat storage.

In time the Western economy will become more varied, probably to the extent of absorbing the young people who come to working age, but this expansion will not solve the present grain problem. The core—the hard core—of that problem is the clogging of elevators from the Atlantic to the Pacific with low grade grain, much of it fit only for stock feed and some of it so poor that it is spoiling. At the same time about one billion bushels of this year's grain crops of high quality are kept on the farms because there is not sufficient elevator storage for them. Deliveries to country elevators are, of course, being made as grains move out from the elevators to meet commercial demands for them, but the movement is slow and the cash returns to the growers correspondingly small. Some additional returns are available through the Federal Government's bank loan scheme, but this is not intended to move the farm stocks. If at all possible these stocks should be given adequate protection, in which case interim advances by government agencies might be granted.

Discussing this matter with a highly qualified agricultural authority during a recent economic survey of the West, I was told that low grade grain now clogging the elevators should be shipped back to the farms on which it was grown and used for feed, thus making elevator room for the high quality stocks.

There are some other suggestions for the clearance of the low grade grain. One is that any spoiled grain, or that likely to spoil, be dumped on vacant land or into nearby rivers, lakes and seas. Another suggestion is that areas of Central and Eastern Canada which are short of meat be encouraged to augment their livestock holdings and to improve the quality of their own meat by offering them feed grain now in the elevators at much lower

GORDON R. BALL

ARTHUR C. JENSEN

CANADA'S BUSINESS RECOVERY SPECTACULAR SAYS B of M HEAD

Gordon Ball Suggests Free World Has Reached Turning Point in Economic History

ARTHUR JENSEN, GENERAL MANAGER, REPORTS RECORD DEPOSITS, LOANS, INVESTMENTS REFLECTING VIGOR OF CANADIAN ECONOMY

Canada's recovery from the slight recession of 1954 has been "nothing short of spectacular and has exceeded even the most optimistic forecasts," Bank of Montreal president Gordon R. Ball told shareholders at the bank's 138th annual meeting. By the second quarter of this year, the president said, production of goods and services was running nearly ten per cent higher in over-all terms than a year earlier.

Discussing developments abroad, Mr. Ball said, "I find myself wondering whether we are approaching, or have already reached, a turning point in history, even though we may not recognize it until we see it later in the perspective of a complete chronicle of events. Now, ten years after the end of the war, postwar problems, as such, seem to be behind us. We have no lack of problems, but they are no longer those of a world struggling to its feet; rather are they the problems of a buoyant and dynamic world economy."

Questions Raised By Problems of Competition

Referring to his recent trip through Western Europe and the British Isles, Mr. Ball said that he saw widespread evidence of vigorous enterprise and a new degree of prosperity. Their production as a whole had now climbed to new record levels some 50 per cent greater than prewar, he said, and steady progress was being made towards convertibility of currencies and an enlarged area of multilateral trade.

"Perhaps the most basic change of all," the president stated, "is the growing realization that there is no tolerable alternative to peace."

It was only to be expected, Mr. Ball continued, that this kind of world would bring with it keener and more complex competition presenting a challenge to Canadian producers to which they alone must respond. But, he said, in cases where the foreign competitor had subsidies, restricted markets or exchange manipulations in his favor, Canadian enterprise was placed at a disadvantage. While it was true that there had been some modification of artificial barriers and channels that divert the natural flow of commerce, progress in this respect had not proceeded as rapidly as we would wish.

"The question is, therefore, being raised in many minds whether this country should be expected indefinitely to pursue its postwar policy of leading the way to greater freedom of international trade and exchange in a world in which many of the basic principles of multilateral and unhampered trade have been compromised."

Turning to the field of monetary control, Mr. Ball saw the respite from overt inflation as one of the most significant developments in recent years both at home and abroad. Here in Canada, with business enjoying its best year in history, average prices of consumer goods and services are today no different and general wholesale commodity prices are actually eight per cent lower than they were four years ago.

"Yet welcome as this has been in building confidence in the purchasing power of money, stable prices are not something that can be taken for granted. Price stability is one of the foundation-stones of sound national growth and its safeguarding must at all times be a primary goal of national economic policy."

Curbing Inflation A National Challenge

The important job of moderating the recurrent trends in business activity was not the sole responsibility of any one group in the country, Mr. Ball said. Business should and does exercise discretion in its policy and planning, and just as it abstained from alarm during last year's recession, "so it is now incumbent on business to keep its head and not be carried away by boom psychology. No less is it the responsibility of labor to exercise moderation in its wage demands during what is essentially a short-term transitional period of abnormally rapid recovery.

"In short, it will require the concerted efforts of all Canadians if current expansionary forces are to be made the basis of a sound and lasting prosperity instead of bursting into a phase of boom and subsequent recession."

New Record Highs for B of M

In presenting the bank's 138th annual statement, Arthur C. Jensen, vice-president and general manager, reported to shareholders that the past year had seen new records set in total assets and deposits, with loans passing the billion-dollar mark for the first time in the B of M's history. Net profits for the year, after provision for taxes of $7,043,000, were $8,042,146, of which $6,521,346 had been paid in dividends to shareholders. This was equivalent to $1.45 per share as compared to $1.40 per share in the previous year.

After provision for dividends, Mr. Jensen said, $1,520,800 was carried forward, bringing the total of undivided profits to $4,134,215. "A sum of $2,000,000 was transferred to the rest account, leaving the balance of undivided profits at $2,134,215."

Reviews Business Scene During 1955

In reviewing the business scene during 1955, Mr. Jensen said that the past year "has once again witnessed that combination of expanding markets at home and abroad that has prevailed, with only minor interruptions, throughout the postwar period. Employment and income have climbed to new heights and spending by consumers in the nation's retail outlets has risen accordingly. Although shortages developed in a few lines, notably steel and cement, there appears to have been little general tendency to purchase or produce materials over and above current requirements."

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 276 AND EXTRA

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-five cents per fully paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending January 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on February 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1955.

Notice is also hereby given that an extra dividend of twenty cents per fully paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared, payable at the Bank and its branches on February 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1955.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 9th December 1955

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

Dividend Number 194

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of forty-five (45c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending December 31, 1955, payable February 24, 1956, to shareholders of record January 13, 1956; also a special dividend of twenty-five (25c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company payable December 30, 1955, to shareholders of record December 2, 1955.

By Order of the Board,

R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, P. Q.
November 28, 1955.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF 287th DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 16th day of January, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1955.

Montreal, Nov. 23, 1955.

S. C. SCADDING,
Secretary

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend:

No par value Common Stock

No. 56, Quarterly, 50¢ per share, payable December 31st, 1955 to holders of record at the close of business on December 5th, 1955.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 25th, 1955.

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prices than they now have to pay.

Authorities who have given considerable attention to livestock supplies and demands state that production is not keeping pace with the needs of the industrial population in Quebec, or even in Ontario, a great livestock and grain-growing province. For example, one of the best agricultural districts near Montreal is not able to meet two-thirds of its own pork requirements. The remainder of the low grade elevator stocks might then be offered to other countries at bargain prices, even lower than those which the United States is asking for its surplus grains.

Some halting steps in this direction have already been taken by the Federal Board which controls the marketing of most Western grains, in one way by quoting lower prices for No. 5 and No. 6 wheat, and in another, by establishing something like a futures system so as to encourage forward buying. But such measures do not promise sufficient clearance of low grade grain to make much storage available for the present farm stocks. If bolder measures such as those suggested above could be undertaken they would, of course, involve financial loss, which might be shared by growers and governments, but this would be preferable to a heavy sacrifice of the high quality crops of 1955.

There is widespread recognition in the West that prairie agriculture has to undergo a rather drastic readjustment to the changed conditions in international wheat trade. This readjustment is mainly the responsibility of the Western grain growers, the majority of whom are resourceful and many of whom have financial reserves to help them through the readjustment.

A prominent agriculturist has suggested that the West's wheat acreage be cut by a third, and this might be possible in time through the weeding out of inefficient growers and the further development of livestock and special crop production, particularly barley, rapeseed and alfalfa, for which there are good markets both in Canada and the United States. A substantial increase in livestock holdings would probably be the most effective move, for, according to one of the best experts, the prairie provinces can expect to double their marketings of cattle, hogs and poultry within the next ten years. Such diversification took place during the last World War and can again be undertaken in the next few years.

Meanwhile, it seems essential to prevent much, if any, further deterioration in Western farm economy, upon which the rest of Canada depends, by a real national effort to salvage the huge farm stocks of high quality grains, even at the sacrifice of the low grade stuff, which now has the best storage and is worth the least money.

THE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

Dividend No. 101

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Fifty-five cents (55c) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 31st day of December, 1955, payable on the 16th day of January, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 16th day of December, 1955.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.,
December 8, 1955.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank will be held at the Head Office, 360 St. James Street West, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the 12th day of January, 1956, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON
General Manager

Montreal, Que., December 1, 1955.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable on

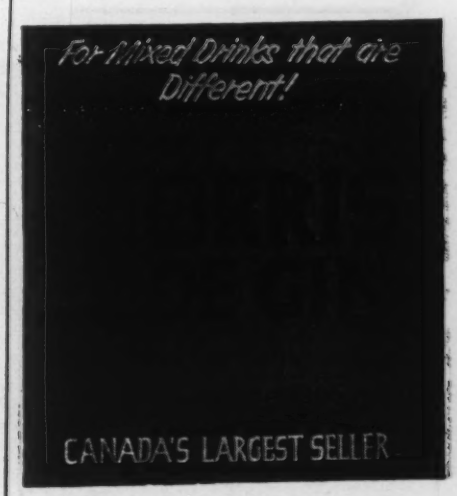
3rd JANUARY, 1956,

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business 15th December, 1955.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES J. PETTIT,
Manager.

December 8th, 1955.



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A Problem

I have a few thousand dollars I would like to invest. I was thinking of government bonds or mutual fund shares. What should I do?—I.R.D., Winnipeg.

As always, making a decision on how best to put your money to work depends on what you expect to gain. Government bonds are the top in investments. They are the safest security you can buy and because they are so safe, they would give you the lowest return on your money.

Mutual funds are relative newcomers to the investment scene and were designed by investment experts to appeal to people who are afraid to handle their own investments or do not have the time to study individual companies. A mutual fund share represents a part interest in a wide selection of stocks and bonds. The selection depends on the policy of the individual fund.

To obtain this diversification of holdings without putting up a lot of money to buy the securities individually, the buyer of mutual fund stock pays for expert investment men who direct the policies of the fund.

Naturally, since the funds hold many securities, the value of their portfolios fluctuates with changes in the prices of these securities. Thus the risk is greater than in buying a government bond.

But the risk isn't anywhere nearly as big as making your own buy-and-sell decisions when you don't know what is going on.

Decide what you want: absolute safety or a fair, carefully-calculated chance at a higher value for your investment.

Mining Stocks

In 1956 we shall have for investment $8,000. We plan to buy 100 shares each of Consolidated Mining & Smelting, Falconbridge Nickel, Sherritt Gordon Mines, or in place of Sherritt—10 shares of Hudson Bay Mining. All these are intended for long-term holding. Your criticism and suggestions will be appreciated.—F.A.M., Edmonton.

That's a formidable list of better-grade common stocks. However, we can't help but note your concentration in the mining field. That's putting all your eggs in one basket, although admittedly the basket is well built.

We would hesitate to recommend how you should change this plan, or even if change is necessary. You may well have many other investments in such securities as government bonds or in mortgages.

But keep in mind that horse-sense investment dictates covering as much ground as you can to minimize risks. Mining stocks, even such top issues as Consolidated Mining & Smelting, tend to fluctuate considerably because of changes in metals prices. Currently, the base metal mines are enjoying strong demand for their copper, lead, zinc and nickel. But if conditions change and prices of the metals slip, your concentration of investment money in mines would be hurt.

There are other fields of Canadian industry. Some safety can be built into an investment plan through such groups of shares as banks or utilities. And these shares would also tend to grow in line with growth of Canada. Steel, oil, pulp and paper are other major Canadian industries with attractive long-run growth possibilities.

And if you are starting from scratch, don't forget government bonds.

Whatever shares you decide upon, always keep a close eye on the affairs of the companies. Just because you have a long-term objective of higher prices for the stocks doesn't mean you can tuck them away and forget about them for 10 years. Business conditions change and what is a buy today can be a lemon tomorrow.

BC Forest

I bought 100 shares of BC Forest Products at $6.40 a share about 18 months ago and it is now quoted at $15. Is the 40 cent annual dividend likely to be increased? Should I hold in view of a possible increase in dividends or sell and reinvest my capital gain?—J.M., Halifax.

That's as nice a profit as anyone is likely to see—money more than doubled. If you sold, where would you reinvest to get a return of better than 6 per cent on your money? By the way, the shares have climbed to $16 since you wrote.

You undoubtedly are aware of the company's expansion program involving construction of a new pulp mill. It is likely that any consideration of higher dividends would be held off until this expansion is cleared out of the way.

With BC Forest already reporting earnings of $1.58 a share in its year ended Sept. 30, certainly it would appear that the company will be in a solid position to increase dividends. Investment men who watch this company say that the new mill should boost profits to $2 a share in two years. And that is allowing for the issuance of a million more shares to the giant U.S. firm—Scott Paper. Scott is buying these shares at $15 each, assuming shareholders approve an increase in capital at the Dec. 14 annual meeting.

It is hardly likely that Scott would buy into BC Forest if it didn't think its holdings would increase in value.

Hold your shares, by all means. The company has excellent growth possibilities and it might not be too long until you see a $25 or better price for your shares.

Frobisher

Do you think Frobisher is a good buy at recent prices?—B.A., Vancouver, BC.

It depends partly on your individual circumstances. Frobisher could certainly not be recommended as a vehicle for the employment of the funds of widows and orphans. It does, however, earn the rating of a "business man's speculation".

Vested in the Frobisher organization, an offshoot of the Ventures company, is an impressive list of income-producing mining holdings as well as some ambitious development projects, both in Canada and abroad.

Domestic holdings include Giant Yellowknife (gold), United Keno (lead-silver), New Calumet (base metals).

Foreign interests include the Kilembe copper project in Africa.

The company has a lengthy list of prospects in various stages of activity. There is a possibility that these will be financed through a new company which Frobisher has jointly formed with Ventures. This would enable Frobisher to concentrate upon its more advanced projects. Frobisher-Ventures management is aggressive and has been inclined to bite off more than it can chew. Consolidation of Frobisher's position by formation of the new holding company would enable the shareholder better to appraise the worth of its equity.

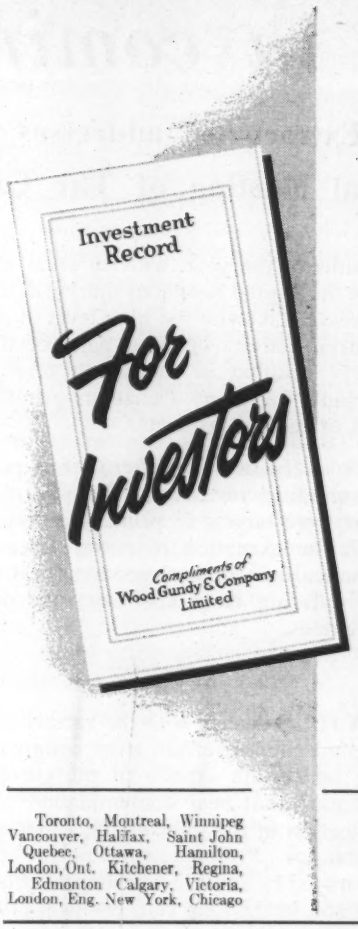
In Brief

In a weak moment I was talked into buying 1,000 shares of East Braintree Lithium Corp. at the price of five cents a share. Will it look good as wall paper on my living room wall, or shall I paste it up in a less conspicuous space?—M.G., Winnipeg.

It depends on how the color fits in with your redecorating plans. But don't use too strong a paste. The company is still active.

I have some shares of Dobie Mines bought in 1911 through Toronto General Trusts and some shares of Porcupine Crown bought in 1913. Can you give me any information about either of these stocks, which must be about the oldest that have been mentioned in your column?—A.A.S., Montreal.

Porcupine Crown died peacefully. Dobie is a mystery. The trust company might be able to help you. We've seen shares dating back to 1900, but you're close.



The good memory of Investors . . . . . .

is often taxed when it comes to recalling all of the details about their securities. It is difficult to remember amounts, maturities, interest rates and dates, yields, time of purchase, etc. Yet money may be lost if these things are not remembered or recorded.

For this reason, we publish an Investment Record in which this important data may be kept.

A copy will be sent to investors upon request, and if a list of holdings is enclosed, we will enter the available details. This is one of our services. You are invited to make use of it.

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Confidence in coming year will

Extracts of addresses

delivered at the 89th Annual Meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce

"If confidence in the future continues firm," said James Stewart, C.B.E., President, addressing the 89th Annual Meeting of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, "then most fields of activity should continue to show further improvement."

NINETEEN fifty-five has turned out to be a record year with new peak levels presently being established in many segments of our economy. The encouraging feature of the current picture is the recovery from the slow-down in business activity that took place during 1954, and which continued into the early months of 1955. In the late Spring our export position began to improve and a renewed wave of capital spending served to recreate the atmosphere of confidence so necessary to the maintenance of the growth cycle. For a large part of our population, conditions have never been more favourable. For some, however, the situation is not quite as buoyant as it was a few years ago. Despite the over-all prosperity as reflected in national accounting aggregates, farm income is down and there is an unemployment problem in a few localities.

MAJOR economic developments during this year have again centred largely on resource development. Iron ore production is well ahead of last year with increased shipments from the Steep Rock area and from the Iron Ore Company in Labrador.

While the first expansionary phase in the oil industry appears to be over, a steadily increasing rate of production and a continued inflow of investment capital characterize the industry today. Intensive exploration is still being carried on in all three prairie provinces.

PROSPEROUS conditions in the economy during the past year have contributed to and in part resulted from an expansion in foreign trade. The high level of domestic spending and capital investment increased our imports by some 12 per cent in the first nine months of the year, with all areas except the United Kingdom sharing in the increase. Likewise the high level of industrial activity in other parts of the world resulted in increasing foreign demand for many Canadian primary and extractive products.

A study of the pattern of export commodities reveals that the gains this year were largely in primary products with the exception of newsprint and chemicals. Secondary goods appear to be suffering from cost or price differentials.

WHILE dealing with the agricultural scene I cannot refrain from commenting on certain aspects of the current situation that bear contemplation and reflection in the light of the wider applications. Production artificially encouraged by subsidies or support prices cannot, in the long run, result in other than market disturbance. When products enter into world markets, such activity invites retaliatory measures such as import restrictions and the like – restrictions certainly not within the framework of multilateral principles seemingly supported by many of the free nations of the world. The world wheat situation presently is a case in point and surely we can do something more than rely on acts of God to solve difficulties and reduce surpluses.

SINCE the steady rise in capital investment has been one of the dynamic factors in the maintenance of buoyant business conditions one is bound to ponder the question and issues inherent in encouraging a steady flow of investment funds. It is generally agreed that over the past few years a large proportion of total capital formation has come from *corporate saving* as contrasted with open market activity. It is possible that this pattern may shift and that more capital may have to be sought from the public, provided of course that the investment climate is favourable.

THE price structure continues to be strong, and, in fact, evidence is accumulating to suggest, tentatively at this point, that prices may again move upward in the months to come.

AS we turn our thoughts to the year ahead it is well to bear in mind the continuing importance of our trade to the maintenance of a high level of business activity. It may well be that the diversity and depth of our industrial evolution has provided some degree of "insulation" from recessions in other parts of the free world. On the other hand, the breadth and extent of the upsurge in United States business conditions certainly played an important part in stimulating our economic recovery this year. If it can be anticipated – and signs are not wanting to invite such anticipation – that the momentum presently inherent in the American economy will carry well into the coming year, then we can expect stimulation in at least two directions: in continued demand for our export products, and in the psychological factor–confidence in business.

I WOULD conclude on a note of caution arising from the growing awareness of the fact that scientific developments may have brought us closer to the absence of war as we understand it at the mid-twentieth century. In fact, atomic and nuclear developments seem at this time to have generated a form of military stalemate. We must adjust our thinking to meet the change that this signifies. But of even greater significance to my mind is that under such conditions the dangers of propaganda are heightened rather than reduced. We must be on guard lest internal disturbances and doubts weaken the political and social fabric to the extent that our basic objectives are obscured or that we lose the will to defend them.

THE

raise current levels of business

NEIL J. McKINNON, VICE-PRESIDENT and GENERAL MANAGER, after reviewing the balance sheet, highlights of which are summarized below, said in part:

The eighty-ninth Annual Statement of the Bank now before you reflects a record breaking year of growth in the business of the institution. Aggregate deposits increased by more than $272,000,000 and total assets increased over $298,000,000 to a total of more than $2,356,000,000 reflecting the greatest year of growth in the Bank's history.

Business conditions during the past year moved forward from the pause in 1954 into steadily increasing activity and practically all aspects of the economy with the important exception of agriculture will achieve new records. In agriculture the generally good, even bumper, crops tend to offset the lower farm prices for many products and farm cash income for the year will not likely differ much from that of 1954.

The increase during the year in all forms of credit has been substantial and with business at a higher level of activity and with presently no general labour surplus of consequence available for employment some caution is necessary to guard against the possibility of an increase in money supply with no corresponding increase in production of goods and services, which would of course encourage increasing price levels. No one under these conditions can justifiably object to a degree of restraint designed to avoid an unwarranted expansion of credit but it is at the same time of the greatest importance that there should be continuous adaptation to the legitimate needs of business growth. The banking mechanism is a sensitive one and policies and attitudes need to be at all times flexible, with a full understanding that the business and trading environment is constantly in a process of change.

The Balance Sheet shows an increase in personal savings deposits in excess of $95,000,000 and an increase in other deposits of approximately $169,000,000. Deposits by governments declined $16,000,000 while deposits by other banks increased by $24,000,000.

There has been an increase of $150,000,000 in the quick assets of the Bank reflected principally through an increase in cash and transit items of $32,000,000, an increase in holdings of Government of Canada securities of $42,000,000 and an increase in call loans of $38,000,000.

Other current loans increased by $98,000,000 and mortgage loans under the National Housing Act increased by $43,000,000.

The Balance Sheet also reflects the increase in capital stock and Rest Account arising from the issuance of subscription rights to shareholders in December 1954. The Rest Account has been additionally increased by a transfer of $2,250,000 from profits and, in all, the shareholders' investment in the Bank has increased by more than $22,000,000 during the year.

The Statement of Undivided Profits shows an increase in profits after taxes of $855,000 and after paying enlarged dividends arising from the issuance of additional capital stock there remained a sum of $3,001,000 out of which $2,250,000 was transferred to the Rest Account leaving a balance in Undivided Profits of $1,399,000 compared with $647,000 a year ago.

ANNUAL STATEMENT HIGHLIGHTS — YEAR ENDED OCTOBER 31, 1955

ASSETS	
Cash Resources (including items in transit)	$ 350,329,012
Securities	873,804,326
Total Loans	1,011,450,327
Mortgages and Hypothecs insured under the N.H.A. 1954	49,172,067
Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit	32,506,859
Other Assets	39,647,314
Total Assets	$2,356,909,905

LIABILITIES	
Deposits	$2,211,427,472
Acceptances, Guarantees and Letters of Credit	32,506,859
Other Liabilities	8,137,603
Capital, Rest Account and Undivided Profits	104,837,971
Total Liabilities	$2,356,909,905

STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Profits before Income Taxes	$14,309,899
Provision for Income Taxes	7,050,344
Balance available for distribution	$ 7,259,555
Dividends	4,258,111
Amount carried forward	$ 3,001,444
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1954	647,648
	$ 3,649,092
Transferred to Rest Account	2,250,000
Balance of undivided profits October 31, 1955	$ 1,399,092

The full text of the President's and the General Manager's addresses may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Head Office, Toronto.

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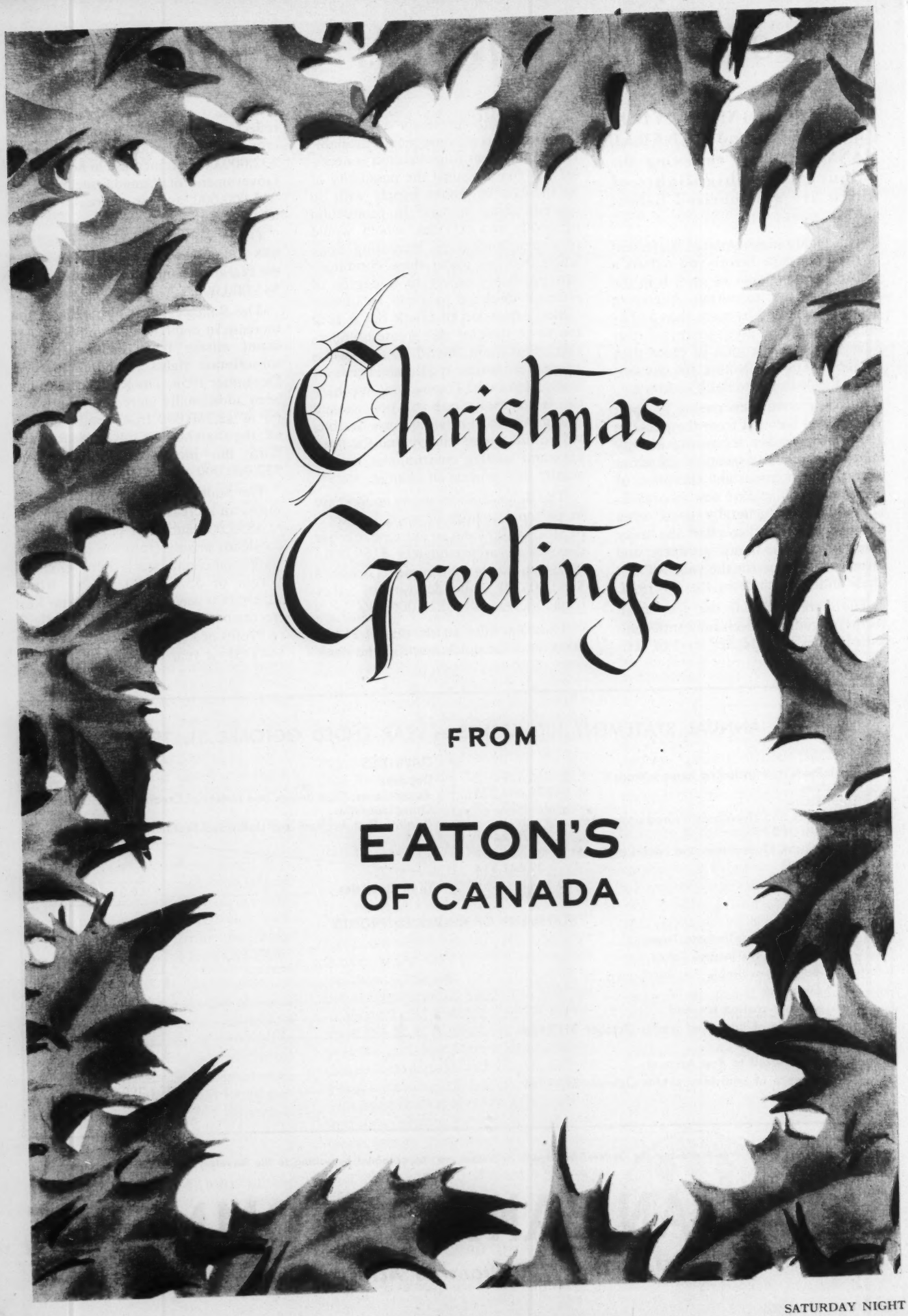
Christmas
Greetings
FROM
EATON'S
OF CANADA

Hostess of the Air Age

by Marion McCormick

THE HOSTESS with the mostest air miles to her credit is undoubtedly Lady Hildred, of Montreal, wife of the Director-General of the International Air Transport Association. During one recent week, Lady Hildred entertained at cocktails for 60 in London, gave a similar party in New York, and an even larger tea in Miami.

As official hostess for the international airline organization, Lady Hildred accompanies Sir William on all major trips, and has done so throughout the nine years he has been IATA's chief. Forty-five countries are included in IATA, and Lady Hildred has visited most of them. Her enthusiasm for travel remains undimmed, however, and she looks forward to each new junket as eagerly as if it were her first adventure away from home.

Life has been like this only for the last nine years. Lady Hildred, born Constance Chappell, a native of Yorkshire, met her husband when both were students at the University of Sheffield. She graduated in medicine and surgery, and hung up her shingle as a general practitioner after they were married. A career woman of great energy and resourcefulness, she carried on a medical practice and a lively family life at the same time. The Hildreds have three children, all grown up now and widely scattered.

Lady Hildred left her practice when her husband became head of IATA, and moved with him to Montreal, where the Association maintains its permanent headquarters. Sir William was not entirely a stranger to Canada. He had spent a year of the war working out of Montreal with Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill on the Atlantic Bomber Ferry operation, and shares the responsibility for the creation of Canada's eastern air gateway at Gander.

A veteran of 25 years in the British Civil Service, he became Director-General of Civil Aviation and the first permanent head of the Ministry of Civil Aviation in the United Kingdom. In this capacity he was involved in the change of emphasis from wartime to peacetime conditions in civil aviation. When IATA was organized in 1945 by a large number of the world's airlines, Sir William was the obvious man to direct its international operations.

Lady Hildred writes her Christmas cards at the dining-room table, plays for the family, serves tea and chats before her portrait, painted by a refugee artist she met on her travels.

A more drastic change in circumstances than Lady Hildred experienced is hard to imagine, but she cannot recall a single qualm at the move across the ocean away from the surroundings and the professional activity that she had known throughout her marriage. She has managed to recreate the surroundings to a degree, despite frequent absences from the city, but her career in medicine is over.

The Hildred house is on Peel Street, in the exact centre of town. The upper part of the steep street is still lined with town houses of an earlier day, but few of them are family dwellings any more. The Hildreds' is one of the few. Four storeys high, with a small garden at the back, it belongs to the day of maids with caps and streamers, sturdy members of a vanished race who didn't mind basement kitchens and attic bedrooms.

Managing a big house is more challenging now, but Lady Hildred is as relaxed about this problem as she is about others. She prefers the spaciousness and the luxury of an ample dining-room to the convenience of a house planned with the facts of contemporary life in mind. She can keep house without help if she must, and when this happens, she concentrates on filling the rooms with flowers and producing good meals. She does not allow herself to become unduly disturbed if a little dust gathers. "I would probably make a very poor maid," she says, "but I could hire out as a good plain cook anytime."

Cooking is only one of many things that give her pleasure. The high-ceilinged drawing-room on Peel Street is filled with evidence of other interests. Music is important to both Sir William and Lady Hildred. She plays and sings, and both of them enjoy long evenings with their record collection. There is no library as such in the house. Books are

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everywhere, in the drawing-room, the dining-room, and wherever anyone has happened to put one down. Lady Hildred has recently taken to painting for pleasure, and she enjoys it as one of the few portable hobbies for long trips.

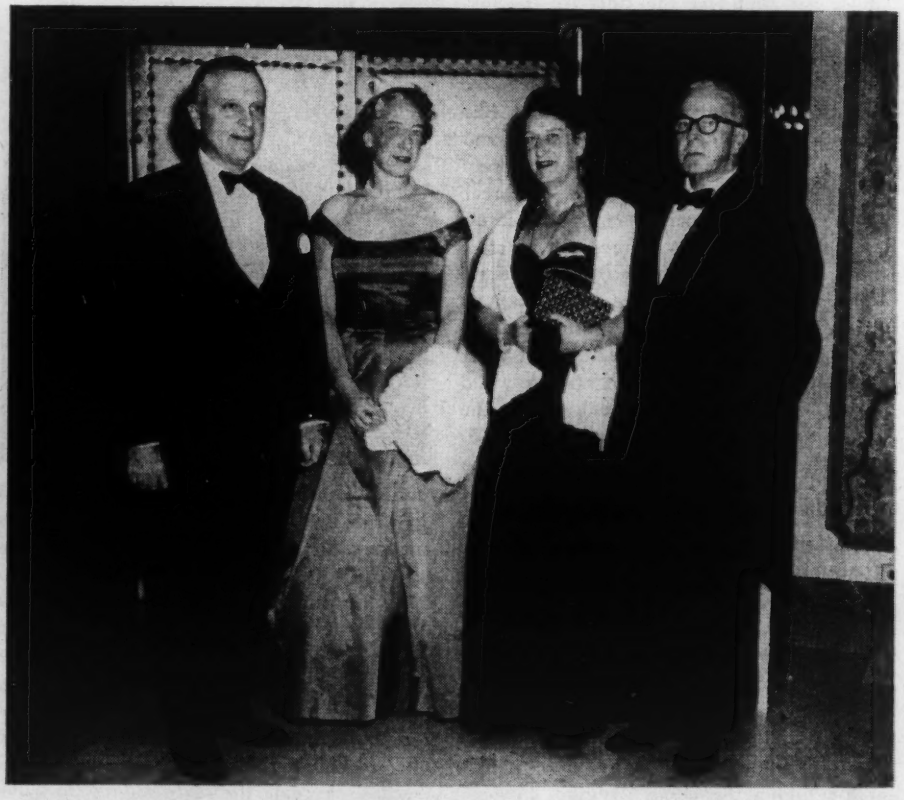
Not all her interests are sedentary. A great believer in keeping fit, she was somewhat dashed to find that few of her Montreal friends responded enthusiastically to her invitations to tennis and badminton. She finds a certain irony in the fact that people in a country dedicated to youth and energy will complacently decide that they are too old for one thing or another. It's an attitude with which she has no patience.

Few women could pick up and leave with the lack of fuss that IATA's hostess manages. She can contemplate a journey of several thousand miles with more equanimity than other women summon when planning a country weekend. The inevitable question of what to take and what to leave comes up, but she keeps travel in mind whenever she buys clothes, so there is never a question of what is packable and what is not. Tailored suits that keep their shape, and soft dark dresses that always look right and never look astonishing are her standbys. She buys most of her clothes in a few favorite small shops on Montreal's Sherbrooke Street, where the clerks know her special needs and the things that look best on her erect figure.

Her daughter, the wife of Montreal violinist Arthur Davison, now lives in England with her husband, and with all the transatlantic commuting, Lady Hildred finds it handy to keep a few basic items in London. It's a useful system, but occasionally she reaches into the cupboard for a favorite dress and then remembers, "Oh, dear, it's in London," as another woman would remember it was at the cleaner's.

London draws her more and more these days, largely because of the two small Davison children, the Hildreds' only grandchildren. Lady Hildred, whose medical specialties were pediatrics and gynaecology, went over for the arrival of one of them, and she is a doting grandmother. Her elder son, Michael, lives in Montreal, and Anthony, youngest of the family, is now serving in the Royal Air Force in Fayid, in the Suez.

Although she manages large parties with remarkable grace and ease, Lady Hildred confesses that when she entertains privately, the parties are invariably small. She considers that six or eight people for dinner, or a few close friends for tea are the best part of entertaining. Her main concern at larger parties is to see that nobody is left standing about. This, she says, is the principal hazard at big official functions. She tries to project the same spirit of intimate hospitality she achieves in her own home, even when the guest list runs to hundreds and the party is being given in Paris or Cairo or Rome. A warm welcome and a friendly smile works its magic anywhere.



Sir William and Lady Hildred with Mr. and Mrs. Juan Trippe (left). Mr. Trippe is president of Pan American World Airways and of IATA.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

CONSTRUCTION of a three move problem, with two of the variations having analogous mates by the white Queen on different colored diagonals, the two white Knights guarding the four squares laterally adjacent to the black King, was first propounded by Adolf Bayersdorfer in 1889.

To present the Bayersdorfer theme, it is obvious that the white Knights must be posted on different colored squares, and that each in turn must make the second moves in the two variations. Below is an economical specimen.

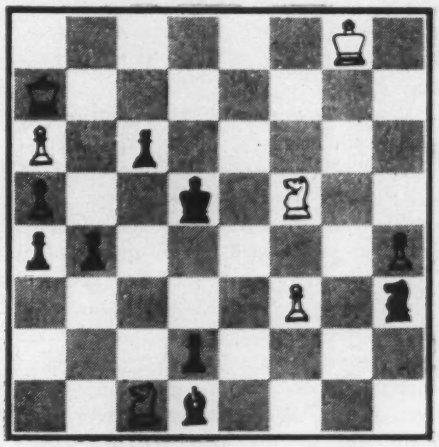
Solution of Problem No. 129.

Key-move 1.R-K8, waiting. If Kt-K3; 2.Kt-K7 mate. If Kt-B3; 2.BxKt mate. If Kt-B4; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If Kt-Q5; 2.R-K5 mate. If Kt else; 2.R-R5 mate.

There are two nice tries with the KB. 1.B-K8 is met by Kt-K3; then no mate by 2.R-Q7.

Problem No. 130, by J. Moller.

Black—Seven Pieces.
White—Eight Pieces.
White mates in three.



Puzzler

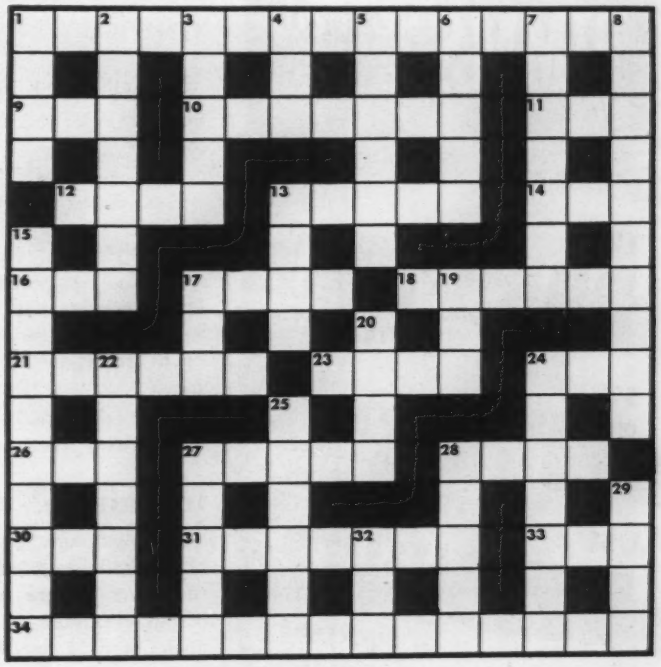
by J. A. H. Hunter

IT SOUNDED simple: so Pete thought when he posed the problem. Garry, hearing some mention of his Dad's grandfather, had asked about the old man's age. And Pete thought he'd give his son a real life teaser to figure out. "He's as old as my age added to one less than itself reversed," he told the boy, "and if you take away from his age one less than itself reversed you'll get exactly a third of what I'll be in three years' time." And he explained he wasn't taking into account odd parts of years. Pete's proud of his son's intelligence. He was quite surprised, therefore, when Garry greeted him next evening: "So I'm not so dumb, Dad: teacher couldn't figure it out either." So here it is for you to figure out. (12)

Answer on Page 38.

Saturday Night Before

by Louis and Dorothy Crerar



ACROSS

1 Short observation one might make about Christmas at this date. (2,4,2,4,3)
9, 10, 15 A photographic example of Christmas fare? (3,5,2,3,7)
9, 31, 23 Christmas week, in more ways than one. (3,7,4)
10 See 9
11 Now it's over, who got the prize? (3)
12 See 30
13 The so salt sea. (5)
14 It follows Christmas to precede it. (3)
16 Animal finishing many a disorderly Scottish 7's 14. (3)
17, 13D, 28, 8 Pant and puff, you old-fashioned blast! (4,4,4,6,4)
18 But some people buy this author's works. (6)
21 Pa dear, take me to Santa's. (6)
23 See 9, 17D and 20.
24 This day is Christmas. (3)
26 Obstruct mother. (3)
27 See 5
28 See 17A
30, 12 What is wished toward men at this season? On the contrary! (3,4)
31 See 9
33 Heat this bird? It's unchristian! (3)
34 Our greeting, by being incomplete, extends to the ladies as well. (3,4,3,5)

DOWN

1 Jot this down. (4)
2 Similar to a wee dong? (7)
3 Reached by plane in a roundabout way. (5)
4 "Puss in Boots" shows disapproval, it appears. (3)
5, 9, 27 When he doesn't show up at the church,
She's obviously ..... (4,2,3,5)
6 Stylish actors on the screen, if typed, clearly show it. (5)
7 It's near, in fact extremely so! (3,4)
8, 13 See 17A
15 See 9
17, 23 "'Twas the night before Christmas" is this perfect story for Dec. 24. (7)
19 Make a date with this a week Sunday. (3)
20, 23 "It's .... I struck", as Big Ben might remark at midnight on Dec. 31. (4,4)
22 Many have, inwardly, after Christmas dinner. (7)
24 Its mother hasn't sex appeal! (7)
25 A royal trio introduced themselves as coming from here. (6)
27 Leaps into a slip. (5)
28 A little drink has me up the pole. (5)
29 Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than this, said Horace. (4)
32 Those embracing this get the goose. (3)

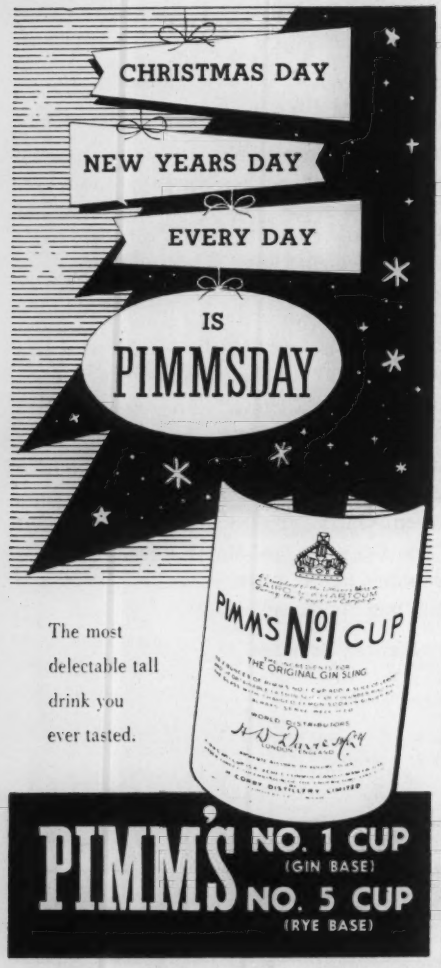
Solution to last puzzle

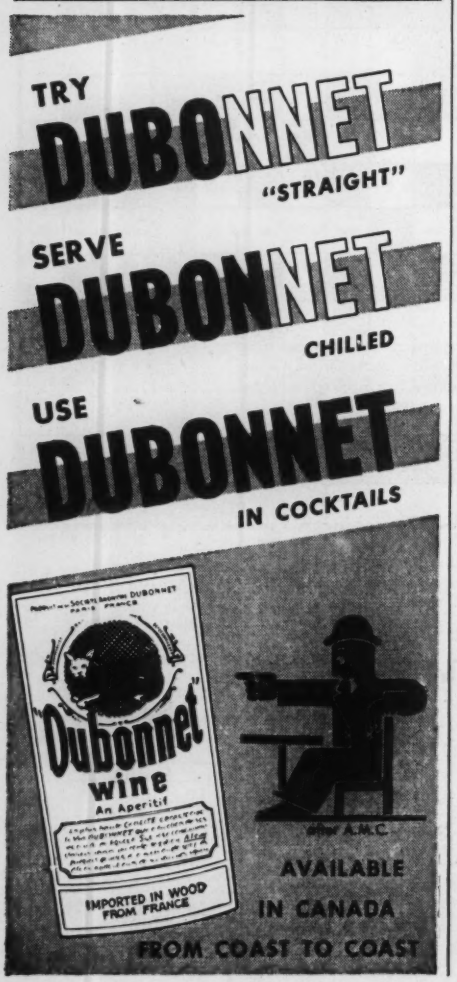
ACROSS

1 See 25
4 Brown study
9 Date palm
10 Purple
11 Streak
13 Nor
15 Skin
16 Abraham
18 Oddment
20 Partake
21 Sherbet
23 Skis
25, 14, 1. The red, white and blue
26 Trauma
28 See 33
30 Spartans
32 Blackguard
33, 5, 28 Coat of many colors

DOWN

2 Least
3 Eve
4 Black market
5 See 33
6 Nap
7 Turks
8 Dalliance
12 Enact
14 See 25
17 Blackpool
19 Maria
22 Red Sea
24 Stoic
27 Mania
29 Sag
31 Tic (379)





Letters

Newsprint

I am surprised that such an intelligent and gifted person as Mr. Hugh MacLennan should quote such utter drivel about the effect of the increase in the price of newsprint on French-Canadians living in Quebec.

Newsprint is one of this country's biggest exports, so that any price increase benefits all Canadians in the long run, particularly those living in Quebec. How could it be otherwise? Even now, in some parts of the United States newsprint is changing hands at $70.00 per ton and more above the prices quoted by the mills. This would suggest that far from being excessive the price has not been raised enough. What is more disturbing, however, is Mr. MacLennan's apparent sympathy with the idea that newsprint might be nationalized. If this happened, what might be the next interference by the government with the natural laws of supply and demand—copper? iron ore? asbestos? Why not newspapers? . . .

MONTREAL — PATRICK M. AUSTEN

Middle East Arms

The fact that the Canadian government is considering a request from Israel for arms disturbs me greatly for if they do accede to the request then we shall be guilty of the same action as Czechoslovakia—that of supplying the means of a large scale renewal of the Arab-Jewish conflict . . . The argument that we should only be balancing those arms recently bought by Egypt is without validity unless we know the respective arms potential of both sides . . .

WILLOWDALE, ONT. — W. E. SIMPSON

Ingratitude?

Your comments about the Right Hon. Louis St. Laurent are entirely unwarranted. Never has the country been so prosperous or united . . . The great advances made by Canada, in both domestic and international fields, can be attributed to the great abilities and untiring efforts of the men who comprise the Liberal Cabinet. It is nothing short of the worst ingratitude to deprecate the efforts of these men. Fortunately, most Canadians are not ingrates, and if Mr. St. Laurent went to the country next month there is a certainty that he would again lead his party to victory . . .

MONTREAL — DAVID LUSKIN

Editor's note: We did not question the ability of individual Cabinet ministers, although we doubt if there are no other men in Canada who could do the job at least as well. Certainly we would not question Mr. St. Laurent's ability as an electioneer. All we suggested was that he try being a Prime Minister.

Sacred Cows

The article "Sacred Cows in our Schoolrooms" is thought provoking . . . The work of the world is done by the 95% who are practical and scientific. Education remains mostly in the hands of the academic minds who remain impractical day dreamers perpetuating academic inefficiency, from father to son, ad infinitum . . . Let us have our educational system adjusted to give us more badly needed vocational training for all . . .

VANCOUVER — DAN MCCALLUM

Forgotten Canadians

. . . I am 100% in agreement with Douglas A. Adams of Saint John. We are the only country in NATO without compulsory Service. We spend over $2 million a year advertising for recruits — sheer waste of taxpayers' money . . .

VANCOUVER — JOHN M. CAYDZIEN

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
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ANSWER TO PUZZLER

98

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